Week ending April 21 1956 *Every Wednesday Fourpence*

JOHN BULL

A HEART-WARMING STORY BY
Doris Lessing

THE BIRTH OF RED RUSSIA
by A. J. P. Taylor

NEVIL SHUTE'S New Novel

My Life by EAMONN ANDREWS

Turn the facts into *Facts in Action*

- ★ Fast and flexible overhead valve engine for good acceleration and high cruising speeds.
- ★ Unusually large interior with wide, comfortable seats all within-the-wheelbase. Ample luggage locker.
- ★ Torsion bar independent front suspension. Telescopic hydraulic dampers. Four-speed gearbox.
- ★ Big, wide-opening doors. Comfortable seating with ample head, leg and elbow room. Hypoid rear axle for low unimpeded floor.
- ★ Curved windshield, slender pillars. Safety glass all round. Twin wipers and sun visors.
- ★ Air-flow lines. 'Quality First' finish inside and out . . . extra refinements and amenities everywhere . . . greater value than ever.

The more you know about the Morris Oxford the more you'll want to own one! Look at the facts. Better still, take the wheel *and let the facts really get to work!*
Here is more of everything you want most in family motoring: more power, more roominess and comfort, more style, more upkeep economy . . .
Your Morris dealer will gladly arrange for you to turn the facts into thrilling *facts in action.*

. . . and you'll say *I'm going to have a*

"QUALITY FIRST"

MORRIS

REMEMBER:—
Quality and dependability are guaranteed by the B.M.C. Used-Car Warranty and you are certain of a good deal when you sell.

MORRIS MOTORS LIMITED. COWLEY, OXFORD. London Distributors: Morris House, Berkeley Square, W.1. Overseas Business: Nuffield Exports Limited., Oxford & 41 Piccadilly, London, W.1.

C.238D.

JOHN BULL

189 HIGH HOLBORN LONDON W.C.1

TEMPLE BAR 2468 APRIL 21 1956 VOLUME 99 NUMBER 2599

IN THIS ISSUE

Stories

THROUGH THE TUNNEL *by Doris Lessing* 9

NIGHT PATROL *by Robert Holmes* 18

Articles

SIR PHILIP'S NEW DEAL FOR OLD MASTERS *by Keith Ellis* 12

HONEYCOMB SQUIRE *by John Sandilands* 31

Serials

THE BIRTH OF RED RUSSIA (Part 2) *by A. J. P. Taylor* 14

THIS IS *MY* LIFE (Part 6) *by Eamonn Andrews* 22

BEYOND THE BLACK STUMP (Part 5) *by Nevil Shute* 26

Features

FREE SPEECH: 4, 6. THE COVER: 6. LUCK: 32, 38, 41, 42, 50. SPOT THE LAWBREAKER: 35. YOUR GARDEN AND MINE: 38. OPEN TO VIEW: 49

REPORT FROM THE EDITOR

Doris Lessing at a children's pioneer camp near Leningrad

AT the start of his first holiday in the south of France, Peter Nicholas Lessing, aged seven, wasn't as happy as he might have been. The other boys on the beach at Sainte Maxime all seemed to live there, and it was difficult to make friends without knowing the language. Watching her son, Doris Lessing found the theme for her story about a small boy striving for independence (page 9). "But I didn't have to worry about Peter," she says. "During our short stay he became one of the gang through the comradeship of childhood and by using signs."

Doris Lessing began her writing at the age of sixteen on her father's lonely farm in Rhodesia. She produced two "incredibly poor" novels in a matter of months—and neither has been heard of since. She married in 1937, at the age of eighteen, and again in 1944. In 1949, she and Peter, son of her second marriage, arrived in London with £20. Almost immediately she sold her first novel and began to build a reputation which in 1954 earned her the £400 Somerset Maugham award for young writers.

She has no set hours for work. A novel which she took ten months to write "methodically" found no takers. Her next novel was finished in five weeks. "I worked twenty-two hours a day, hardly eating, practically living on tea and cigarettes in a time of tremendous exhilaration and exhaustion." The novel was accepted at once.

WILLIAM SHOWELL, who painted this week's cover, recalls that he was one of those children who scribble on everything. "I would take an exercise book," he says, "and fill it with hundreds of sketches of one object—such as a bottle, an eggcup, or a mouse." When the book was full he would pencil on something else.

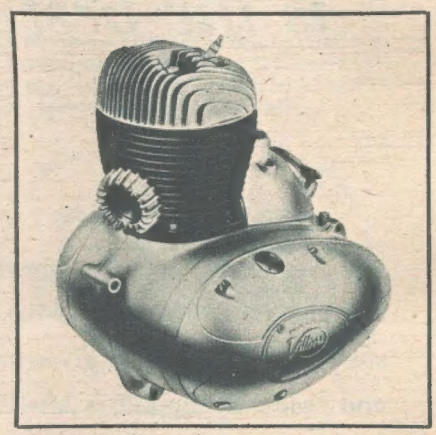
Most of Showell's scribbling days were spent in Gibraltar, where he was born. He came to England when he was nine, and after leaving school took up art as a profession. His first professional paintings were gaudy cinema posters, but he is now a leading fiction illustrator.

Showell began painting JOHN BULL covers in 1945, and prefers domestic scenes or "anything with children." He has three children of his own: Avril, who used to be a magazine artist before she married and emigrated to Canada; another daughter, Jill, on the stage; and Russell, who is a journalist. Showell finds working at a drawing board a lonely job. "I am easily tempted from it by a round of golf or my favourite reading—something on bull-fighting."

. . . and VILLIERS still lead

If you are buying a lightweight motor cycle, there is a lesson for you in this picture.

To-day four out of five British two-strokes are Villiers powered. Villiers built their first engine more than 40 years ago and they still lead. There is no other engine with this length of unbroken production experience, with the same high standard of workmanship, the same reliability and economy, as the Villiers two-stroke.



That is why the most popular lightweight motor cycles are fitted with Villiers engines and why *you* should choose a Villiers-powered machine.

IT'S THE EXPERIENCE BEHIND

Villiers ENGINES

THAT KEEPS THEM IN FRONT TODAY

The Villiers Engineering Co · Ltd · Wolverhampton

Why Dunlopillo

is the best mattress

you can buy

—because it is the world's most comfortable mattress, and the most economical too. With no stuffing or upholstery to get lumpy, it gives undiminished comfort for years and years. Dunlopillo is healthy because its millions of self-ventilating air cells never create dust or fluff. A Dunlopillo mattress never needs turning, and provides the ideal density for restful bodily support. In short Dunlopillo brings new comfort to life. Prices from 12 gns (3′ 0″) and 17 gns (4′ 6″).

Dunlopillo

MATTRESSES

and their perfect partners in comfort—
Dunlopillo **BOLSTERS** *and* **PILLOWS**

6D/DIA

Free Speech

- **Monsieur must put his foot down**
- **Long wait for quayside farewells**
- **Book here for ghost trains only**

As the holiday season approaches, I expect there will be the usual criticism levelled at French motorists who refuse to stop for hitch-hikers from Britain.

It might interest them to know, however, that any Frenchman giving a lift nearly always involves himself in great responsibility should he meet with an accident. Very few motorists in France are insured against all risks because the premium is too high.—Mme M. Deschamps, Caserne de la Garde, Malakoff, Seine, France.

Motor insurance is not compulsory in France. Third-party insurance for a fifteen horse-power car in Paris costs about £56 compared with about £18 in London. In Britain, passengers are not allowed in some vehicles—such as cars being driven on trade plates and vans run by commercial firms on special insurance terms.

Fare Offer

Passengers must *offer* bus fares to the conductor ("Free Speech," March 31). Nothing is more annoying to a conductor, after having called out "Fares please" several times, than for an alighting passenger to say: "You didn't come to collect my fare."—I. W., Hampshire.

Silver Collection

As a child, I was always encouraged to collect silver paper. It was rolled into a ball and when it reached the size of a football it was gratefully received by the local hospital. Now there is plenty of silver paper about once more, I have started collecting again. But I have been told that hospitals don't need it.—Mrs. I. Tanner, Marlow, Buckinghamshire.

"Some hospitals still collect silver paper," says the Ministry of Health. "But it is up to individual hospitals to decide."

Silver paper fetches about £35 a ton. The proceeds buy "extras" for patients and staff, such as television sets, which are not provided under the National Health Service.

Telling The World

Your article about Sir Pierson Dixon (John Bull, March 17) made me wonder how, when one man is speaking at the United Nations, other delegates can hear his speech simultaneously in their own language.—J. M. A., Staffordshire.

Headphoned interpreters in five glass-fronted booths translate the speeches sentence by sentence into the three "working" languages of English, French and Spanish and the "official" languages of Chinese and Russian. Each delegate has headphones and can switch from one translation to another by means of a control knob on his chair.

Landlubbers

Why is it so difficult to see relatives off on a ship leaving a British port?

A few passes to go aboard are grudgingly issued by the shipping companies, but most of us have to say goodbye on the wharf and then stand for hours before the ship sails.

In Australia, visitors are freely allowed on departing ships; and they can stay on them until shortly before sailing time.—Miss I. Pearce, Tunbridge Wells, Kent.

"Passes to go aboard are issued very rarely and then only in compassionate cases," says a shipping line. "Currency and other restrictions make it impracticable to allow aboard all friends and relatives who want to say goodbye."

Hoodwinked

In your delightful story, "Date With A Stranger" (John Bull, March 10), Dudley Hoys mentioned that a bereaved ewe has to be found another lamb and the skin of the dead one tied around the foster-child to coax the doubting mother. I am wondering whether this is true or just part of the story.—R. E. L., Portchester, Hampshire.

"It is a fact that you cannot get a ewe to accept a strange lamb unless this is done," says the National Farmers' Union. "This method is widely practised among farmers."

Silent Stations

With the closing of many branch lines by British Railways, there must be many stations all over the country being put to other uses. The old Canterbury South Station is now a private residence, and where the lines used to run between the platforms there is now a garden. — B. G. Roberts, Northdown Road, Broadstairs, Kent.

"Between 1948 and 1954 we closed 425 stations," say British Railways. "Some have been converted into houses for railway staffs, others are being used as stores by traders and local authorities and others are now factories and club headquarters. Many stations have fallen into disuse."

Back To Nature

As a night worker I found the noise from radios stopped me sleeping during the day ("Free Speech, March 17) and, as I live in the country, I tried going into the fields to sleep, taking an alarm clock with me.

All went well until one day during haymaking. After sleeping soundly in the middle of a field, I awoke to

find myself surrounded by scores of rabbits, mice, rats, hares and many other animals. The farmer had begun cutting the long grass from the edge of the field, thus driving every living thing into the centre, where I was.

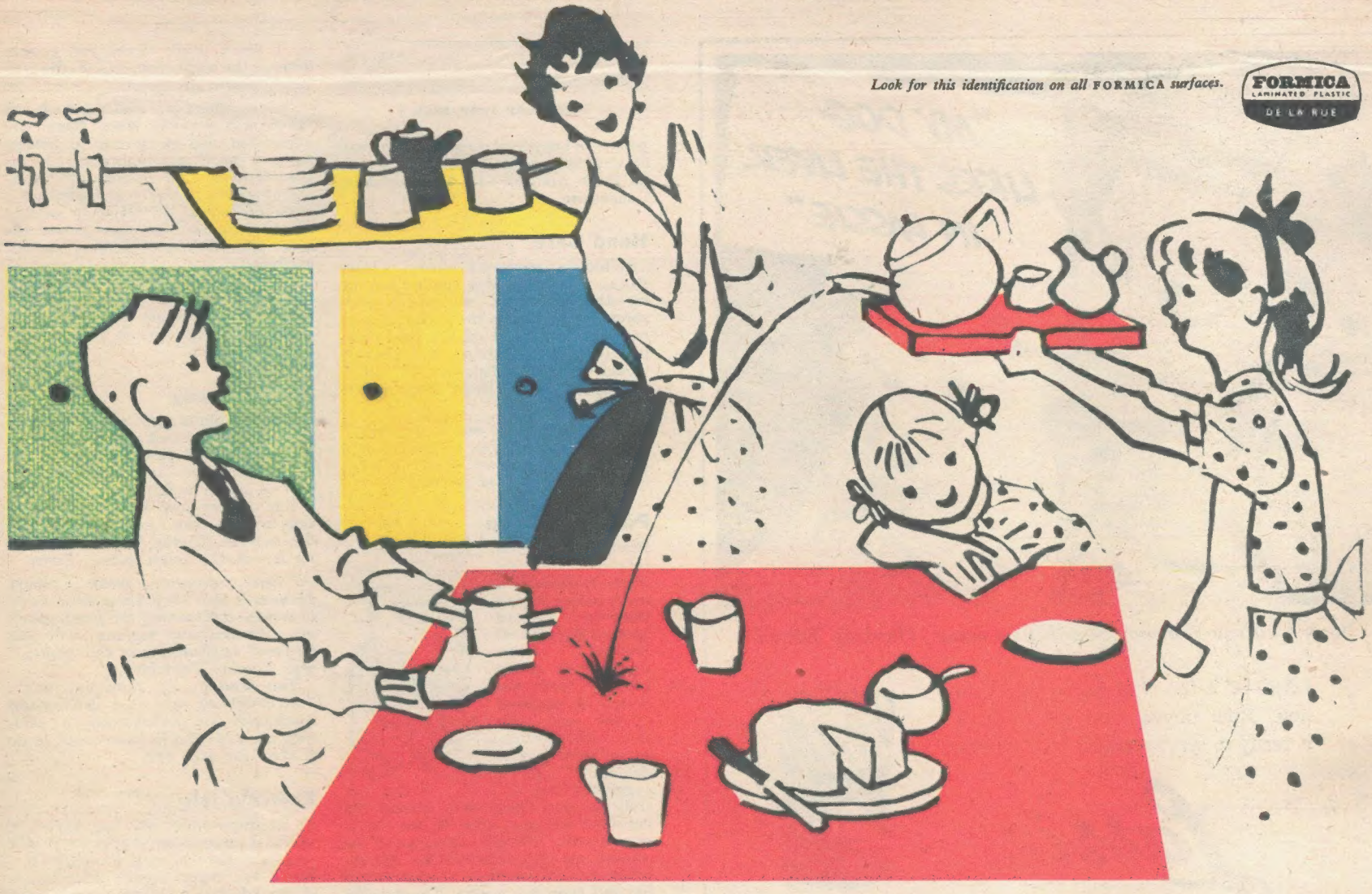
After the embarrassment of having to crawl into the open with my boots in one hand and my alarm clock in the other, I decided to revert to my noisy bedroom.—V. Culver, Dorchester, Dorset.

Uneasy Payment

Having recently purchased a house, I am just beginning to surface after being more or less soaked by the various charges involved.

My house cost me £1,400, and the additional charges amounted to £61 18s., most of which went in solicitors' fees. But there was an item of £14 for stamp duty—surely the cruellest charge of all. With the high cost of council house subsidies, the government should encourage

CONTINUED ON PAGE 6



Look for this identification on all FORMICA *surfaces.*

FORMICA
LAMINATED PLASTIC
DE LA RUE

FORMICA for me!

LAMINATED PLASTIC

What a mess! Cups upset—sticky fingermarks everywhere. Lucky the mother whose table is FORMICA topped. No need to scrub—one wipe with a damp cloth and it's clean.

It's almost like magic the way this modern laminated plastic banishes work and brings beauty and ease into your home.

The gem-hard surface doesn't chip or crack—won't stain; resists heat—stays new and clean for years. No wonder you can't have enough of it.

Try a small piece of FORMICA Laminated Plastic somewhere—you can fix it yourself. Or ask your local builder to fix it.

It is made in fifty colours and designs. A wash-off stamp distinguishes all FORMICA surfaces.

Write for full colour-range leaflets to Thomas De La Rue & Co Ltd (Plastics Division) Dept. 7B, 84/86 Regent Street, London, W1

FORMICA *is the registered name for the laminated plastic made by Thomas De La Rue & Co Ltd*

Says Pauline Ware of Sandhills Corner, Hayling Island

LASSIE is the ideal way to feed your dog. Rich in red meat and liver, it is ready to serve straight from the tin.

Lassie

For the red meat and liver your dog needs every day

MADE BY CHAPPIE LIMITED OF MELTON MOWBRAY

JUST COMPARE!

for

ITS SUPERIOR QUALITY
ITS LARGE SIZE
ITS LOW PRICE

LARGE TIN 7D

5d Tin also available

See the difference–Save the difference

Free Speech

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 4

people to buy their own homes instead of imposing what amounts to a fine on those who do.—H. R., Rochdale, Lancashire.

Hand Care

Critchlow's excellent cover (JOHN BULL, March 17) was spoiled for me by the girl with varnished nails spreading butter on the bread. Those nails would put me off my food completely. But perhaps the players would not be as finicky as I am.—A. HAINES, Aber Road, Stoneygate, Leicester.

"Nail varnish is not unhygienic," says a doctor. "And the fact that a girl applies it suggests that she keeps her hands well cared for and clean."

Passed To You

From the local Inland Revenue office I received a terse notice saying that, as I had ignored their "final demand" note, legal action would follow. With my cheque I enclosed a note explaining that I had not received any "final demand"; and I suggested that the civil servant concerned should be deprived of one cup of tea as a punishment. To my amusement the receipt arrived attached to an envelope which contained a spoonful of tea and bore the words: "Suggestion complied with."

Who says Inland Revenue officials have no sense of humour?—J. G. T., Somerset.

Too Stylish

I have a weakness for clothing bargains, with the result that I now have more than a dozen shirts of assorted makes purchased at sale prices. Unfortunately, however, each maker has designed his own style of collar stiffener which will fit no other shirt. I have to waste a great deal of time sorting through my accumulation of celluloid shapes trying to find the right ones.—J. D. L., Chingford, London, E.4.

Pithead Priority

In the House of Commons recently, the Minister of Fuel said that National Coal Board employees receiving free coal, or coal at concessionary prices, got an average of about eight tons a year, worth about £27 at pithead prices. The yearly maximum allocation of coal in this area is thirty-four hundredweight, for which we pay considerably more than pithead prices.

While accepting the tradition of free coal for miners, who actually dig it, I don't think clerks and typists deserve the allowance.—G. F. BRYEN, Bexleyheath, Kent.

"Concessionary coal, which is taken into account when wages are negotiated, was given only to colliery workers until nationalisation," says the National Coal Board. "Then it was extended to area board employees, some of whom had formerly worked at the collieries, and they shared the total allocation with colliery clerical workers.

"It's not only in the coal industry that workers receive concessions: shop workers, for example, get concessions from their employers in the form of cheaper goods."

Skid Remedy

One night, on a very wet and greasy road, my car turned a complete circle in a major road and ended up facing the wrong way. After this I learned how to rectify a skid.

Bus drivers must pass an examination for this, but I am surprised that the private driving test doesn't call for it.—A. C., Leigh-on-Sea, Essex.

"Bus drivers must satisfy examiners that they know what to do in a skid—by turning the front wheels into the skid and making short and frequent applications of the brakes," says London Transport.

The Ministry of Transport adds: "Although we don't ask driving-test candidates to demonstrate a skid, they are expected to know what to do if they get into one."

Emerald Isle

As an Englishman who has settled in Ulster, I am impressed with the bright colours of the houses ("Free Speech," March 24), especially the older houses of the labourer's cottage type. They have walls of yellow or cream, red brickwork around the doors and windows, and the cement between the bricks is whitened. Quite often water butts are painted brown or green, with the iron hoops in a lighter colour. Many people in Ulster seem to compete for brightness.—R. J. H., Co. Down, Northern Ireland.

Short Year

It is generally assumed that the first licence to keep a dog costs 7s. 6d. for the year, but in fact it is not necessarily valid for a year. For instance, one I bought on April 30, 1955, expired at midnight on March 31 this year.—J. F. G., Hertfordshire.

Dog licences are valid for twelve months, but under the Finance Act, 1949, the initial licence is valid for twelve months only from the first day of the month in which it is taken out. The same applies to an initial wireless receiving licence.

John Bull pays one guinea for each letter published in "Free Speech," and at the usual rates for photographs. Readers with problems (other than medical) should write to the John Bull Free Advice Service, whose experts answer questions by post

THE COVER

IT'S a pleasant enough colour, and it fits. What more could a man want of his summer suit? But Showell's cover Brummell hasn't only himself to please; with his wife there, suit-buying becomes a lengthy ritual. And he probably doesn't suspect that her motives are purely selfish—that he's destined to be just a handsome accessory in the feminine fashion parade. Still, a husband should be grateful for a cool-headed critic. Even the sanest men often go colour blind at the tailor's—and have to spend the summer in some many-splendoured blaze of checks.

"I HATE MY HOME!"

"WHAT ON EARTH'S THE MATTER JUDY?"

ALL THE GANG LAUGH AT US— I JUST CAN'T STICK IT!
...CROWDING THEM IN MY BEDROOM! I'M SO ASHAMED-
BUT WE HAVEN'T A BIG HOUSE LIKE DOREEN OR JOAN. YOU KNOW WE CAN'T AFFORD...
JUDY, WHERE ARE YOU GOING?
SLAM
AT AUNTIE PAT'S — THAT EVENING
I DON'T WANT TO GO BACK! LET ME STOP HERE TONIGHT .... BUT OH, I'M SO STUPID! YOU HAVEN'T ANOTHER BED
I HAVE — AND YOU'RE SITTING ON IT!

IT'S A G&T STUDIO COUCH, JUDY. FIVE SECONDS AND IT'S A DOUBLE BED — OR TWO BEDS IF YOU LIKE. IT EVEN HAS A DRAWER FOR BEDDING!
BUT I'D NO IDEA....
NEXT MORNING
I SLEPT LIKE A LOG!
I PHONED YOUR MOTHER LAST NIGHT, JUDY. SHE'S GETTING YOU A G&T STUDIO COUCH LIKE MINE.....
SOME WEEKS LATER
SMASHING NEW COUCH, JUDY! SUPER FABRIC!
AND I'M STAYING THE NIGHT ON IT!

G & T Studio Couch No. 3. A gay contemporary couch that makes two beds—double, twin or separate. Spring interior mattresses. Big storage drawer. From 38½ gns. Other models from £35.15.0. Matching chairs, swivel, rocking or fixed, from 13 gns. All by the makers of the famous, *genuine* PUT-U-UP.

Prices subject to revision without notice

Greaves & Thomas

G & T Studio Couch

BY THE MAKERS OF **PUT·U·UP**

FREE! This lavish G & T FOLDER — fully illustrated! Send to Greaves & Thomas Ltd. Dept. J.B.&.C. 3, Clapton, London, E.5

NAME .....

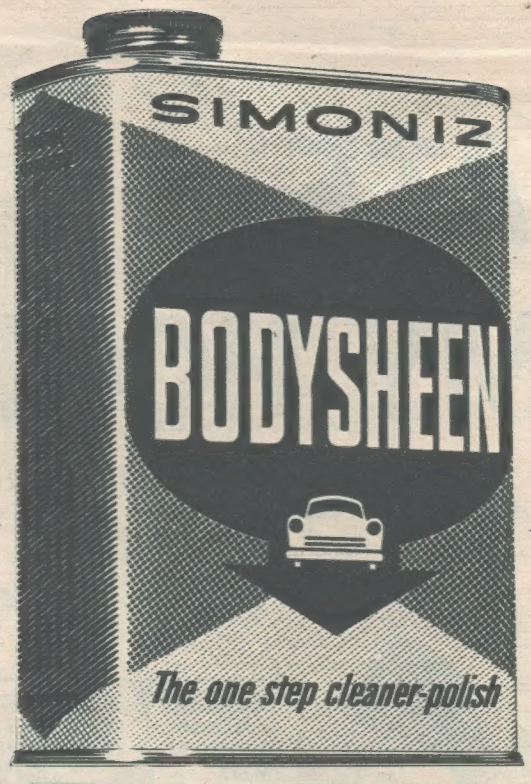
ADDRESS .....

.....

See G&T Studio Couches, PUT-U-UP *and Kingbed Settee-Beds and G&T Chairs at your furnisher's or* G&T PUT-U-UP *showrooms: 105 New Bond St., London W.1. and Manchester, Bristol, Glasgow, Edinburgh, Aberdeen.*

My car's dirty...

give me that Bodysheen quick



it's quick!

DIRTY CAR? *Quick*—get a can of Bodysheen and *quick*—it's clean—it's glittering clean! Don't wash your car unless it's caked with hard, gritty mud—get Bodysheen, the one-step cleaner-polish. It whips off dirt—it whips on shine! It's the easy, easy, easy way to the brightest, glossiest car you've seen! See it dirty—see it clean—be a speed polisher with **Bodysheen!**
Still 5/- a big tin.

BODYSHEEN — CLEANS AND POLISHES FAST!

SIMONIZ (ENGLAND) LIMITED

---

(1)

What's the secret of good painting

How will the paints you choose for that decorating job look in a few years time? As good as when the job was done if you insist on Hadrian and Synflat . . . paints sun-tested and proved by the decorating trade. Hadrian has the best properties of an alkyd enamel and a conventional gloss for both indoor or outdoor use. It has been specially developed to give a diamond-hard brilliant surface that is exceptionally long lasting. Available in a beautiful range of new and exciting shades. Best results are obtained with Hadrian Undercoat. Synflat Emulsion can be used on almost any surface—plaster, brick, asbestos, distemper or even wallpaper. It leaves no unsightly brush marks, and because it dries in a couple of hours without smell, rooms can be occupied the same day. Synflat is obtainable in a wide range of delightful pastel tints.

Hadrian and Synflat

GLOSS PAINT **P.V.A. EMULSION PAINT**

the decorator's choice—your choice

Write for shade cards
to Dept. 7,
SMITH & WALTON LTD.,
Haltwhistle,
Northumberland.

THROUGH THE TUNNEL

This was something the boy had to fight alone. He must conquer the dangers of the cave beneath the sea —or die in the attempt . . .

by DORIS LESSING

ON the first morning Jerry stopped at the turning of the path, looking first down at the wild and rocky bay, and then across to the crowded beach which he knew so well from other years. His mother walked on in front of him, swinging a bright striped bag in one hand. He turned his eyes, which had a frown behind them, as if he were angry, towards the bay, and then back again to her.

When she felt he was not with her, she swung round. "Oh—there you are. . . ." She looked impatient, then smiled. "Why, darling, would you rather not come with me? Would you rather . . . ?"

She frowned, conscientiously worrying over what amusements he might be secretly longing for which she had been too busy, or too careless, to imagine.

He was very familiar with that anxious, apologetic smile. Contrition sent him running after her. And yet, as he ran, he looked back over his shoulder at the other wild bay; and all morning as he played on the safe beach, he was thinking of it.

Next morning, when it was time for the day's routine of swimming and sun-bathing, his mother said: "Are you tired of the usual beach? Would you like to go somewhere else?"

"Oh no!" he said quickly, smiling at her, out of that unfailing impulse of contrition—a sort of chivalry. Yet, walking down the path, he blurted out: "I'd like to go and have a look at those rocks down there."

She gave it her attention. It looked a wild place; and there was no one there. But she said: "Of course, darling. When you've had enough, come to the big beach. Or just go straight back to the villa, if you like."

She walked away, and again he almost ran after her, feeling it unbearable that she should go by herself. But he did not.

She was thinking: Of course he's old enough to be safe without me. Have I been keeping him too close? He mustn't feel he ought to be with me. . . . I must be careful. . . .

Jerry was an only child. She was a widow. She was determined to be neither "possessive" nor lacking in devotion. But nothing could rid her of the anxiety that she was falling on one or both sides of this psychological tightrope. She went worrying off to her beach. The boy began the steep descent to the bay.

From high up among the red-brown rocks, the bay was a scoop of moving bluish-green, fringed with white. As he came lower, it spread among irregular small promontories and inlets of rough sharp rock, and beneath the crisping lapping surface showed stains of purple and darker blue. Finally, as he ran sliding and scraping

He's old enough to be safe without me, his mother thought. But she walked away worried

ILLUSTRATED BY LAURENT

down the last few yards of path, there was an edge of white surf, and the shallow luminous movement of water over white sand, and beyond that a descent into a solid heavy blue.

He ran straight into the sea and began swimming. He was a good swimmer. He went out fast over the gleaming sand, over the middle region where rocks lay like discoloured monsters under the surface, and then he was in the real sea, a warm sea which received irregular colder currents to shock his limbs from the deep deep water beneath.

When he was so far out that he could look back, not only on the little bay, but past the promontory into the big beach next to it, he floated and looked for his mother. There she was, a speck of yellow under an umbrella that looked like a slice of orange peel. He swam back, relieved now that he was sure she was there, but all at once very lonely.

The edge of the small cape that marked the turning of the coast into yet another bay scattered itself into the sea in a loose edge of rocks. Above them, light gleaming soil held a few silvery olive trees. Some boys were stripping off their clothes there. They came running, naked, to the rocks. The English boy swam towards them; then kept his distance at a stone's throw.

They were of this coast, all burned smooth dark brown all over, and speaking the language he did not understand. To be with them, of them, was a craving that filled his whole body. He swam a little closer; they turned and watched him with narrowed alert dark eyes. Then one smiled and waved. It was enough. Jerry swam in and was on the rocks beside them, smiling with a desperate nervous supplication.

THEY shouted cheerful greetings at him; and then, as he preserved his nervous uncomprehending smile, they understood he was a foreigner strayed from his own beach, and proceeded to forget him. But he was happy. He was with them.

They were diving again and again from a high point of dark-reddish rock into a well of rocking blue sea between rough pointed rocks. After they had dived, and come up, they swam around, hauled themselves up on the base of the big rock, and waited their turn to dive again. They were big boys, men to Jerry, who was eleven.

They watched him as he dived, which he did with style, and when he swam round to take his place, they made way for him. He felt he was accepted. And he dived again, carefully, proud of himself, while these children of the sea sprang in, effortlessly, like so many slim brown fishes leaping.

Soon they tired of the diving. The biggest of them poised himself, shot down into the water and did not come up. The others stood about, watching.

Jerry, after waiting for the sleek brown head to appear, let out a yell of warning; they looked at him idly, turned their eyes back towards the water.

After a long long time the boy came up on the other side of a big dark rock, letting the air out of his lungs in a spluttering gasp and a shout of triumph.

Immediately they all dived in from every part of the rock. One moment, the morning seemed full of chattering boys, the next, the air and water were empty. But through the heavy blue water dark shapes could be seen moving and groping.

Jerry was abandoned. He dived aimlessly, shot past the school of underwater swimmers, saw a black wall of rock looming at him, touched it, and bobbed up at once to the surface. There was no one visible but himself, and under him, in the water, the dim shapes of the swimmers had disappeared. Then one and then another of the boys came up on the far side of the barrier of rock, and he understood

Jerry saw dark fronds move against the greyish rock inside the cave. He thought

they had swum through some gap or hole in it.

He plunged again. He could see nothing through the stinging salt water but the blank rock. His eyes hurt.

When he came up, they were all on the diving rock, preparing to attempt the feat again. And now, in a panic of failure, he yelled up in English: "Look at me! Look!" And he began splashing and kicking in the water like a foolish dog, to make them look.

They looked down gravely, frowning. He knew the frown. At these moments of failure, when he clowned to claim his mother's attention it was with just this grave, embarrassed inspection that she rewarded him.

Through his hot shame, feeling the foolish pleading grin on his face like a scar that he could never remove, he looked up at the group of big brown boys on the rock and shouted: *"Bon jour! Merci! Au revoir! Monsieur, monsieur!"* while he hooked his fingers round his ears and waggled them. Water surged into his mouth, he choked, sank, came up.

The rock, lately weighted with boys, seemed to rear up out of the water as their weight was removed; they were flying down past him, head down into the water; the air was full of falling bodies. Then the rock was empty in the hot sunlight and he was alone.

He counted one, two, three . . . at fifty, he was terrified. They must all be drowning beneath him in the watery caves in the rock! At a hundred he was staring around him at the empty hillside, wondering if he should yell for help. He was counting faster, faster, to hurry them up, to bring them to the surface quickly, to drown them quickly—anything, rather than the terror of counting on and on into the blue emptiness of the morning.

And then, at a hundred and sixty, the water beyond the rock was full of boys blowing like brown whales. They swam away from him back to the shore without another look.

He climbed back to the diving rock and sat down, feeling the hot roughness of it under his thighs. The boys were gathering up their bits of clothing from the grass under the olive trees, and running off along the shore to another promontory of rocks. They had left to get away from him.

The boy cried openly, fists in his eyes, out of the old emptiness of being alone. There was no one to see him and he cried himself out.

It seemed a long time had passed, and again

of octopuses, of clinging weeds. . . . And panic filled him like water in the lungs

he swam out to where he could see his mother. Yes, she was still there, a yellow spot under an orange umbrella. He swam back to the big rock, climbed up, and dived into the blue pool among the fanged and angry boulders.

Down he went, until he touched again the wall of rock. But the salt was painful in his eyes, he could not see. He came to the surface and went back to the villa to wait for his mother.

She was coming slowly up the path, swinging her striped bag.

"I want a face mask," he panted out, defiant and beseeching.

He saw the patient, inquisitive look she gave him, as she said casually: "Well, of course, darling." But now, now, now. . . . He must have it this minute, and no other time. He nagged and pestered until she went with him to the shops. As soon as the mask was bought, he grabbed it from her hand as if she were going to claim it for herself, and was off, running down to the steep path to the bay.

He raced through the water to the big rock, adjusted the mask, and dived. The impact of the water on the rubber-enclosed vacuum broke it, the mask came loose. He understood that he must dive from the surface of the water.

He fixed the mask tight and firm, filled his lungs and went down. Now he could see, it was as if he had eyes of a different kind, fish eyes that showed everything clear and delicate and wavering in the clear bright water.

Under him, six or seven feet down, was a floor of perfectly clean, shining white sand, rippled firm and hard by the tides. Two greyish shapes steered there, like round pieces of wood, or slate. But they were fishes.

He saw them nose towards each other, poise motionless, make a dart at each other, swerve off, and round again. It was like a water dance.

A few inches above them, the water sparkled as if sequins or fish-scales were dropping through it. Fish again—myriads of minute fish, the length of his finger-nail, drifted through the water, and he could feel the innumerable tiny touches of them against his limbs. It was like swimming in flaked silver.

Ahead was the great rock the big boys had swum through. It rose sheer out of the white sand, black tufted lightly with faint greenish weed. He could see no gap in it.

Again and again he rose to the surface, took a big chestful of air, went down. Again and again he groped over the surface of the rock with his hands, feeling it, almost hugging it in the desperate urgent need to find the entrance. And then, while he was clinging to the black wall, his knees came up forwards under him, and under the rock. He shot out his feet forwards and they met no obstacle. That must be the hole.

He gained the surface, clambered about the stones that littered the shore until he found a big one, and with this in his arms he let himself down over the side of the rock and let go. He dropped with the weight of it straight to the sandy floor.

Clinging tight to the anchor of stone, which filled his arms, he lay on his side and looked in under the dark shelf. He could see the hole. It was an irregular darker gap, but he could not see deep into it. He let go of his anchor, clung with his hands to the edges of the hole, and began to push himself in.

He was inside the rock as far as his waist. He could see nothing ahead. Something soft and clammy touched his mouth, he could see a dark frond moving against the greyish rock, and panic filled him like water filling his lungs. He thought of octopuses, of clinging weed. He pushed himself out backwards, and caught a glimpse as he retreated of a harmless tentacle of seaweed drifting in the mouth of the tunnel. But it was enough.

He reached the sunlight, and lay on the diving rock, while he looked down into the blue well of water below him. He had to find his way through that cave, or hole, or tunnel under the rock, and out the other side. He must do it. But first he must learn to control his breathing.

He let himself down into the water with another big stone in his arms, so that he would lie effortlessly on the bottom of the sea, and counted. *One, two, three*—he counted steadily. Looking up, the line between the water and air was a heavy silver layer, like thick quicksilver. Bubbles rose from some place in the rock in a bright stream. He could hear the crisp movement of blood in his head. *Fifty-one, fifty-two* . . . his chest was hurting. He let go the rock and went up into the air.

The sun was low—it must be late. He rushed up to the villa and found his mother at her supper.

She only said: "Did you enjoy yourself?" and he said, "Yes."

All night he dreamed of the water-filled cave in the rock; and as soon as breakfast was over he went to the bay. That night his nose bled badly. For hours he had been diving under water, learning to hold his breath; and now he felt weak and dizzy.

That day and the next he exercised his lungs as if everything, the whole of his life, all that he would become, depended upon it. And again his nose bled, and his mother insisted on his coming to the other beach with her for a day. It was a torment to him, to waste a day of his careful self-training; but she had spoken *so*; he knew the tone. It was better to submit.

So he stayed with her on that other beach, which now seemed a place for small children, a place where his mother might lie safe in the sun. But it was not his beach.

Jerry did not ask for permission on the following day to go to his beach. He went, before she could consider the complicated rights and wrongs of the matter.

A day's rest, he discovered, had improved his count by ten. Those other big boys had made the passage while he counted a hundred and sixty. He had been counting fast in his fright. Probably now, if he tried, he could get through that long tunnel.

But he was not going to try yet. A curious, most unchildlike persistence, a controlled impatience, made him wait. He would first learn

Continued on page 36

Hendy personally arranges the pictures. But first he turns everyone out of the room

Sir Philip's new deal for old masters

by KEITH ELLIS

Art critics were shocked when Sir Philip Hendy swept away tradition to draw crowds to the National Gallery

RECENTLY Sir Philip Hendy, Director of the National Gallery, sent for cleaning a picture of the Magdalen reading a book against a dark background. Following the usual practice the restorer cleaned a small portion of the background as a test, and to his surprise laid bare, painted on the canvas, a string of beads.

Excited, Sir Philip had the picture X-rayed. The photograph showed that, in the original painting, the Magdalen had been sitting in a room with a man beside her holding a rosary. Only the lower half of the man was visible.

The restorer continued the cleaning of the picture. Meanwhile, Neil Maclaren, one of the Gallery's art historians, guessed that it was part of a larger work by the artist, Roger van der Weyden (1400-64)—probably the bottom right-hand corner of an altarpiece. Thumbing through his photographs of this painter's works in other collections, he discovered in the Gulbenkian collection in Paris a painting which ended in a man's head and shoulders. When he compared the painting's fluting of a pillar with the fluting in the National Gallery picture, he decided that the two belonged together.

The cleaned picture—"The Magdalen Reading"—will shortly be on view again. Meanwhile, Hendy is hoping to acquire the other picture so that the two can be joined together.

This is only the latest of scores of works which have been completely transformed as a result of Hendy's policy of cleaning. "I have a great desire to make people enjoy old pictures as much as they enjoy those of the nineteenth century," he says.

In his ten years as Director, Hendy has brought new life to a gallery which had fallen far behind the times in its techniques of displaying and preserving pictures. His powdery grey hair, his long brooding face, and the quiet check suits which clothe his beanpole figure belie the vigour which carried him victoriously through the "cleaned pictures" controversy, one of the bitterest art rows of recent years. "My policy," he says, "is to make pictures visible and to make people comfortable in front of them."

Two things prevented visitors from seeing the pictures. The first was the layers of discoloured varnish which turned bright colours into various shades of brown and often concealed clumsy restorations. The second was the glass, necessary for protecting old pictures with cracked surfaces against London's corrosive atmosphere. Unfortunately, it presented the viewer with a reflection of himself.

By cleaning the pictures, Hendy has removed the discoloured varnish and often, too, the need for glazing. In addition, he has started to instal air-conditioning which will take away the need for glass altogether. He has also improved the lighting, covered the walls with silk damask and replaced the hard wooden benches with upholstered armchairs. An ardent propagandist, he once suggested to an audience of the National Council of Women: "Why not visit the Gallery after a hot summer's day shopping? You will find it most refreshing."

The success of his policy is indicated by the fact that last year more than 875,552 people—half as many again as before the war—visited what is, in effect, the greatest free show in London. When rebuilding is completed in May, visitors will be able to view about 850 pictures, including major works from almost every school of painting.

Few people now doubt that cleaning has enhanced the value of the pictures. Besides placing beyond doubt the authorship of such major works as Leonardo da Vinci's "Virgin of the Rocks" and Giorgione's "Adoration of the Kings," it has enabled many pictures to be seen for the first time for centuries as the artist painted them.

Hendy has greatly expanded the Gallery's technical resources. He has established a Conservation Department and has enlarged the Gallery's scientific staff. The two departments often work closely together. Apart from being able to reveal the secrets of underlying layers of paint by X-rays, ultra-violet rays and infra-red rays, the scientific department provides such instruments as a tintometer to measure colour and a glossmeter which gauges the reflection of light from a picture's surface. It is also trying to develop a varnish which will not go brown.

Ironically, these resources have sometimes acted to the Gallery's detriment. About eighteen months ago, an art dealer called Leonard Koetser brought an unsigned picture named "The Virgin and Child with an Angel," which he had just bought at Christie's for £6,300. A similar picture in the Gallery, attributed to Francesco Francia (1450-1537) was, he said, a fake.

Hendy had the Gallery's picture brought up to his office. After comparing the two, he said: "Your picture *looks* better than ours. But we still have to prove it." He sent the suspected fake to Arthur Lucas, the genial, bearded chief restorer.

LUCAS had the picture X-rayed and photographed with infra-red light. From inconspicuous areas, he dug pinpoints of paint and sent them for analysis. The results were inconclusive.

Then he noticed that the age-cracks which on a genuine Francia tend to be horizontal were scattered. He examined them through his binocular microscope. To his astonishment, he found that they were not age-cracks but fine lines of dark paint. "That settled it," says Lucas. "No artist would have troubled to paint on age-cracks."

Koetser joyously announced that his picture was now worth at least £18,000. The Gallery fake might fetch anything up to £100 because of its curiosity value.

The Conservation and Scientific Departments also work together in the preservation of the pictures. The main causes of damage are cracking and blistering due to atmospheric pollution and changes in temperature and humidity. Already six rooms have their air continuously

JOHN BULL PHOTOGRAPHS BY ARTHUR WHITTINGTON

Preserving old pictures is the task of the Conservation Department. Hendy and Arthur Lucas watch a restorer at work

An expert trying to develop a varnish that will not turn brown conducts a new test in the Scientific Department

X-ray photographers assist the Gallery's detective work. They reveal the secrets of paint below the surface of a picture

filtered and their temperature and humidity carefully controlled. The air-pressure inside the rooms is maintained slightly higher than that outside to keep out contaminated air when the heavy doors are opened.

Meanwhile, Hendy keeps a constant watch on the pictures in the rooms without air-conditioning, and especially on the 1,200 paintings for which there is no space in the public galleries. These are kept in draughty storerooms with widely varying temperature and humidity.

Every Wednesday, master craftsman Louis Howard inspects the pictures with a torch. It takes him eight weeks to examine them all. If he notices a crack or bad blister, he brings the picture up to the Conservation Department for immediate treatment. If the fault is small, he inspects it every day.

Deterioration is often rapid. One Wednesday he noticed that a picture had developed a blister an inch long. When he looked at it the following day, it had run the whole length of the panel.

Hendy, who is fifty-five, was educated at Westminster School and Christ Church, Oxford, where he took a third in history. "I spent all my time reading art books and looking at pictures."

He had accepted a post as an assistant master at Eton when his father told him that D. S. MacColl, Keeper of the Wallace Collection, was advertising for a lecturer. Hendy sent one telegram to Eton saying that he did not want the job and another to MacColl applying for the post of lecturer. MacColl appointed him.

Later, while compiling the catalogue of the Gardner Museum in America, he lived three years in Italy, "where I picked up most of my education." After another three years as head of the department of painting at Boston Museum, he returned to England and was appointed director of Leeds Art Gallery. At the end of 1945, he was appointed Director of the National Gallery.

Each week Louis Howard examines pictures for damage. Serious cracks and blisters are treated immediately he discovers them

HENDY found the Gallery in a sorry state. Nine bombs had fallen in the area of the building and shrapnel had destroyed most of the glass and the greater part of the ceilings. Some galleries were roofed with corrugated iron. Ten minutes after moving in, he rang the Ministry of Works to ask when reconstruction would begin. At the end of his first month, he presented a report to the Trustees recommending air-conditioning.

What dismayed Hendy most was the condition of the gallery's pictures. In American museums he had seen pictures newly cleaned and carefully maintained in air-conditioned rooms. "The rule at the National Gallery was that pictures were inspected only when the glasses were removed for their six-monthly clean," he recalls. "If there was any damage, it was put right by an outside restorer without reference to the Director."

In 1947, Hendy held the Cleaned Pictures Exhibition. Shocked by the revelation of original bright colours under the dull browns of old masters, the more conservative leaders of the art world wrote angry letters to the press. "Nowadays," says Hendy, "people ask me why pictures are *not* cleaned."

Hendy's salary is £2,600 a year. He lives in a fine Georgian house near the Angel, Islington, and spends most of his spare time writing about pictures or visiting exhibitions abroad. He is also Chairman of the Fine Arts Department of the British Council, Chairman of the Museum Directors' Conference and Vice-President of the Museums' Association. His favourite way of spending Sunday morning is to walk the four miles to the National Gallery and look at the pictures.

Hendy has one main cause for worry. The National Gallery is rarely able to buy new pictures. Its purchasing fund is £20,500 a year, little more than it was in the 1880s, when picture prices were very much lower.

To enable them to bid for pictures which may cost £250,000, the Trustees suggest that its annual grant should be raised to £80,000. In fact, the Treasury recently agreed to raise the grant by £2,000.

In May the Gallery will have all its rooms open to the public and for the first time since the war the collection will be arranged permanently.

Hendy does the arranging himself. He first takes scale photographs of the pictures to be shown in a particular room and arranges them on sheets of cardboard representing the walls. A working-party lays out the pictures on the floor of the gallery according to the position on his plan and sets the plan itself on trestles in the middle.

"I then turn everyone out of the room and spend half a day or so making the final arrangement," says Hendy. The actual hanging may take another ten days. During this time, he visits the room at odd moments to make, if necessary, last-minute changes.

Eventually, he hopes to clean all the pictures which are physically able to stand it. But it will be a long process. The staff, working in a disused gallery with a leaking roof, is below strength because of manpower restrictions.

Cleaning also implies restoration, which may be an extremely lengthy process. Some pictures of poor quality may actually look worse after cleaning. Recently, Hendy submitted to the trustees—who have to sanction all projects for cleaning—a portrait of a woman, allegedly by Rembrandt. A test "window" revealed that the workmanship was far inferior to Rembrandt's and possibly so bad that, after cleaning, the picture would not be worth exhibiting.

"We've put it back on view as it is," admits Hendy. "The heavy varnish completely obscures the brushwork." THE END

Guns against the Bolsheviks

Four hundred marchers died as the officers fired . . . but still others came on. A. J. P. Taylor, historian and TV personality, continues the dramatic story of a party's fight to rule a nation

IT was the hot summer afternoon of July 4, 1917. At the Tauride Palace in Petrograd the All-Russian Congress of Soviets — delegates of workers and soldiers elected from factories and army units —was in session. There were speeches against the war with Germany; speeches about the peasant demand for the land; speeches against the provisional government which the Soviets had themselves put into power. But that afternoon no one was listening to the speeches. They were listening to the roar of the crowd in the great square outside.

Twenty thousand revolutionary sailors had come up from Kronstadt that morning. They had swarmed from launches and destroyers on to the quays; seized the Peter-Paul fortress; and had then marched to the Soviet meeting place. Above them waved great banners. "Down with the ten capitalist ministers!" "All power to the Soviets!"

Chernov, the Congress President, fancied himself as an orator—and here was a chance for a great speech. He got up from his chair and went out on the steps of the palace, preening himself, rehearsing his phrases. He had good news for the crowd; the capitalist ministers had resigned.

He stopped, waiting for cheers. Instead there were boos and shouts of impatience. "Give the land to the peasants." A burly sailor pushed up the steps, shook his fist in Chernov's face and cried: "Take the power when we give it you, you son of a bitch!" Others called out: "Search him! See if he's armed!"

Chernov, startled, replied: "In that case I won't speak," and made to move back towards the palace. But he was too late. He was seized and dragged down the steps into an open car to cries of: "Hold him as a hostage!"

The onlookers inside the palace were terrified. "They have arrested Comrade Chernov. They are tearing him to pieces. To the rescue!" But the Soviet had no forces, not a single man.

At that moment Leon Trotsky pushed forward. An old revolutionary and famous for his oratory, he had only recently returned to Russia from exile. He had attacked Chernov in the Soviet; now he knew he must go to his aid.

Out in the square Trotsky climbed on the bonnet of a car. Gradually he made himself heard. He was praising the sailors. "Red Kronstadters," he cried, "you hurried here as soon as you heard the revolution was in danger. Long live Red Kronstadt, the pride of the revolution!"

The sailors applauded. They had heard him often in Kronstadt. But when he mentioned Chernov the crowd growled again.

Trotsky kept on. "Why hurt your cause by violence against individuals? Every one of you is ready to lay down his life for the revolution. I know that. Give me your hand, comrade. Your hand, brother." Trotsky reached down and held out his hand to the nearest sailor.

The sailor hesitated, then tightened his hold on his rifle, and turned away.

Trotsky pulled himself up, began to stammer out more words, words without meaning. After a minute he got back into his stride. There was more praise of the sailors, more calls for revolution. His voice was carrying farther and, with his fist clenched, his face set, he tried again.

"All those in favour of lynching Comrade Chernov raise their hands," he shouted.

There was silence. No hand moved.

Still talking, Trotsky slipped off the bonnet and opened the door of the other car. Chernov was slumped in the back, half-fainting. Trotsky pulled him out, dragged him up the steps into the palace, and the great door closed. Chernov collapsed in a chair. Trotsky was deadly pale and running with cold sweat.

Outside, the sailors stared at each other. Had they done right to let Chernov go? Had they been tricked? Uncertainly they began to roar once more: "All power to the Soviets!" All power, in fact, to Chernov, the man they had just tried to lynch.

A STRANGE scene—and a far cry from the happy days in February when the Tsar had been turned off his throne; when everyone—soldiers and sailors, workers and peasants, Soviet and provisional government—had all seemed to be on the same side, the side of Democracy and Freedom. What had happened to cause such a violent change? Why had the masses become so estranged from their leaders? For the answer, it is necessary to go back four months to the time when the revolt began. . . .

The revolution of February had been made by the workers and soldiers in Petrograd. It had no leaders, no programme. The masses who had invaded the streets with the cry of "Peace and Bread!" created the Petrograd Soviet; and the members of this handed over power to the provisional government—middle-class politicians with Kerensky, the only socialist. The Russian

When the people, angry and rebellious, poured

people were told that they must wait for the Constituent Assembly.

But nothing changed in Russia except that there was a provisional government in place of the Tsar. The war still went on; the workers of Petrograd were still short of food; the peasants still looked greedily at the lands of the nobles and the church. The members of the Soviet had once been revolutionary leaders. Now they were busy saying that the revolution must go no farther. Even the Bolsheviks said this at first under Stalin's leadership.

Then on April 3 Lenin came back to Russia from exile in Switzerland. The next day the Central Committee of the Bolshevik party met at their headquarters—formerly the palace of Kshesinskaia, the Tsar's mistress. Lenin attacked his comrades. "Why didn't you seize power? Confidence in the present government is the death of socialism. I'd sooner be in a minority of one." One of his hearers recorded: "It was as if a bomb had gone off."

Every man on the committee looked to the leaders of yesterday, Kamenev and Stalin. Kamenev stuck to his guns. Socialism was impossible, he argued; they should be content with

through the streets of Petrograd in July, 1917, they were met by force. A few weeks later, Bolshevik leaders were in prison, and Lenin had fled

a democratic government. There was a general murmur of approval. Stalin did nothing. He did not applaud Lenin. He did not applaud Kamenev. He sat silent, smoking his pipe, stroking his moustache. He looked round only when it came to a vote. Every hand went up against Lenin; at the last minute Stalin's hand went up, too.

Lenin was left where he had asked to be—in a minority of one. He did not mind. He gathered up his papers and said with a smile: "The people of Russia are a hundred times more revolutionary than we are."

And so it proved. Lenin got himself a small room in the top corridor of the palace. Formerly, it had been a servant's bedroom. To it came the nameless men who had made the February revolution. It was always the same story. "We have had a revolution. But nothing is changed. We are still hungry. The bosses are still making enormous profits."

Lenin answered: "Don't you see, comrade? We must have a second revolution. The workers must seize power. Will you join us? Will you act under our orders?" Then the recruit was sent farther down the corridor—to a room even plainer and with no name on the door. And in it was Stalin.

Without argument or confession Stalin had come over to Lenin's side. His job was practical details, not argument. He sized up each recruit and asked him questions. "How many men in your factory, comrade? Can you become a shop steward? Set up a Bolshevik committee. And here"—writing a name on a piece of paper—"this is the party organizer for your district. He'll tell you what to do." And thus was another factory or an army unit won for Bolshevism.

EVERY now and then Stalin left Petrograd and went into the country. He visited Moscow and Kazan, went into the villages. He never made public speeches. Instead there were secret interviews with local Bolsheviks. For the party was spreading everywhere—in every factory, in the army. At Kronstadt the sailors took over control of the naval base under Bolshevik leadership. At Helsingfors, now called Helsinki, the Bolsheviks of Finland were already in power. And Stalin kept them all together.

Lenin himself rarely appeared in public. He was a teacher by nature, not a mob orator. You could guess that his father had been a school inspector, and his mother half German. His motto was "patiently explain"; and he was best at telling a sympathetic audience what to do, not battling against opponents.

At the end of April the Bolsheviks held their first legal conference. There were nearly two hundred delegates, representing 80,000 members from all over Russia—the party had all but multiplied by three already. From the first minute it was obvious that Lenin had conquered the party. The rank and file wanted a second revolution, whatever the old leaders might say. Kamenev hardly got a hearing. Stalin spoke briefly, only to repeat what Lenin had said.

Lenin himself preached caution. They must criticize the provisional government; they must show the masses that nothing could be changed without a further revolution; but they must not be pushed into action until they were ready. The conference approved Lenin's policy by an overwhelming majority. They must preach revolution, but not yet practise it.

So Lenin had captured the party. He had good organizers and a fine machine. But the

THE £7.7.0 A WEEK SOLDIER

PLUS board and lodging
PLUS clothing
PLUS marriage allowance

The Regular Soldier has just got the biggest rise in wages he has ever had. Things now are not only as good as in civilian life. In many cases they're much better. For instance, in your first 3 years in the Army—with promotion as it is—you can knock up £7. 7. od. a week. And all this on top of your free board and lodging and free clothing—worth pounds more a week to you. And if you get married, a generous marriage allowance, too. A sergeant, what's more, can get up to £11. 18. od. and a Warrant Officer £14. 14. od.

HOW MUCH YOU CAN GET

5 star Lance-Corporal signed on for 9 years or more **£7. 7. od.**

5 star Corporal signed on for 9 years or more **£8. 1. od.**

Non-Tradesman Sergeant signed on for 15 years and having completed 9 years **£9. 19. 6d.**

Skilled Tradesman Sergeant signed on for 21 years and having completed 9 years **£11. 18. 6d.**

A first-class career. Quite apart from the fact that you're miles better off, you can now make the Army a first-class career. A career, that offers you firm and lasting security. And the longer you sign on for the more money you get—from the start. When a private, for instance, signs on for 9 years instead of 3 his pay immediately jumps up by 28s a week! And the same principle applies all along the line.

First-class pensions and gratuities. But better pay is only half the story. Prospects are better, too. The private who signs on for longer not only gets better pay, he gets a better pension and better gratuity at the end of the job. The same goes, of course, for corporals, sergeants and upwards.

Find out the whole story. Full details about the new pay rates and the Regular Army in general are yours for the asking. Just send us your name and address on the coupon now, or call at your local Army Information Office.

THE BEST LIFE IN THE WORLD. Big money's not the only thing you want in a career. You want interest, excitement, fun as well. The Army has over 200 different jobs for you from riding a motor-cycle to operating a walkie-talkie, all of them very absorbing. There's lots of sport. Much longer holidays than in a civilian job.

And you travel gratis and for nothing to glamorous names on the map. Hamburg. Singapore. The sunny Caribbean. When you're young, that's the life to live!

IT'S A REAL MAN'S LIFE IN THE REGULAR ARMY

POST THIS NOW TO :-
War Office (M.P.6)
London, S.W.1.

NAME .....

.....

ADDRESS.....

.....

JB /1108 *No strings attached.*

Bolsheviks still needed a great orator, someone to win the imagination of the masses. Lenin hated doing this himself. But who? The answer came unexpectedly.

Sverdlov, another Lenin agent who later became first President of Soviet Russia, returned one evening from the Soviet with exciting news: "Trotsky is back from America. He has just preached our policy at the Soviet without consulting us, without even knowing that it is our policy."

Yes, Trotsky was the man. The chairman of the Soviet in 1905; the greatest speaker of the age; the man who had advocated revolution when even Lenin thought it impossible. He had no party, only a few friends. Unite Trotsky with the Bolshevik organization, and the result would be irresistible.

Lenin invited Trotsky to meet him. They sat at a plain deal table, Lenin with Kamenev and Zinoviev at one end, Trotsky with two friends at the other. There was no difficulty about policy. They agreed almost without discussion. But when it came to joining the Bolshevik party, Trotsky jibbed. "I cannot call myself a Bolshevik," he said. They had accepted his policy, not the other way round; and there must be a new party with a new name. "It is undesirable to stick to the old labels."

But this was just what Lenin was determined to do. The Bolshevik label was to stay on the bottle, even though the mixture inside was Trotsky's.

The meeting broke up, friendly but inconclusive. As they went out, Kamenev asked Lenin what made Trotsky so obstinate. Lenin answered: "Now don't you know? Ambition, ambition, ambition!"

Say rather pride. Having been right all along, Trotsky would not join Lenin's party simply because it had 80,000 members while he had only his own voice and brain.

TROTSKY did not join the Bolshevik party until August, and even then he valued his membership card so little that he mislaid it. In practice, his hesitation made little difference. Trotsky put Lenin's policy into dramatic words without waiting for instructions; and Lenin soon relied more on him than on the policy-makers inside the party.

Trotsky made the Bolshevik speeches at the Petrograd Soviet. Members of the moderate majority called out: "Stop calling us comrades! What sort of comrades are we to you?" After that Trotsky kept the word "comrades" for his friends and for the Bolsheviks. For the uninstructed masses, those who had not yet joined the party, Trotsky came to represent the revolution. He was always being sent for, whenever "the revolution" was in danger.

At Kronstadt, the great naval base down the river, for instance, the Soviet of sailors had not been content with "control." They had taken over the power. The provisional government sent down commissars to bring Kronstadt to order. The sailors arrested them and put them in the old tsarist prison. The provisional government saw its chance to crush this "nest of anarchists." They cut off supplies from Kronstadt and began to assemble loyal troops.

It was too soon for the Bolsheviks to risk civil war. Trotsky knew the Kronstadt sailors; he often went down there in a naval launch to make revolutionary speeches. Now he defended them at the Petrograd Soviet: "When a counter-revolutionary general tries to throw a noose round the neck of the revolution, your commissars will soap the rope, and the Kronstadt sailors will come to fight and die with us." The prophecy came true a few months later.

After his speech, Trotsky left the Soviet and jumped into a launch for Kronstadt. The sailors cheered him as usual, listened excitedly to his words. But this time he was telling them to give way. They must release the government commissars. The sailors did what they were told. The commissars were brought out, put into a launch, and disappeared into the night. Trotsky went on speaking; and the Soviet of sailors kept the power in Kronstadt.

Lenin speaking in front of a banner bearing a quotation from Engels, the great German communist theoretician

Kamenev, who told the Bolshevik Central Committee that socialism was impossible. Only Lenin disagreed

It was not only Kronstadt that listened to Trotsky. In Petrograd five or six thousand people gathered every evening at the Modern Circus. Here came all the great orators of the revolution—Lunacharsky, Zinoviev, Kamenev, though never Lenin. Trotsky was greater than all the rest put together. He attacked the provisional government, teased the Soviet Executive for its timidity, preached the need for a second revolution. The massed audience cheered after nearly every sentence.

Trotsky became the great dramatic figure of the revolution. Lenin in his little room was almost forgotten. One of the Bolsheviks said to Lunacharsky: "Well, the great revolution has come and you see that, though Lenin has so much wisdom, he begins to grow dim beside the genius of Trotsky."

A mistaken judgment no doubt; but less mistaken than that of present-day Russian historians who try to describe the revolution without Trotsky or even make out that he was a traitor.

The liberals and moderate socialists who supported the provisional government felt that they were losing Petrograd. Against Petrograd they decided to call in Russia. For outside the capital the Bolsheviks had as yet little influence —nearly half their membership was in Petrograd itself, and their newspaper hardly circulated beyond it.

The first All-Russian Congress of Soviets met on June 3. Out of eight hundred delegates, only one hundred were Bolsheviks. The rest were Mensheviks, peasant socialists and liberals. The congress met in great state, with banners across the hall. It was welcomed by Kerensky, now the war minister and a leading figure in the reconstituted provisional government, a coalition which included six socialist ministers.

Lenin himself came to the first debates, sitting with his followers and calmly writing an article without listening to the speakers. But once he raised his head, and, breaking his usual rule, made an interruption. One of the socialist ministers was explaining the need for a coalition. He pleaded: "There is no party in Russia which would say at the present time: 'Give us power.'"

Lenin called out in ringing tones: "There is such a party."

The congress broke into a long, jeering laugh.

Lenin pushed to the tribune: "Laugh as much as you like! My party is ready to take the sole power. We should at once arrest fifty of the richest capitalists; we should declare that all capitalists are plunderers, the British and French [Russia's allies in the war against Germany] no better than the rest."

The small Bolshevik group tried to cheer and were shouted down. Lenin walked out of the hall, and the Soviet went back to business.

Lenin had a better answer to the moderates than speeches in Soviet Hall. He decided to stage a vast demonstration in the streets to show that all the workers and soldiers of Petrograd were on the Bolshevik side. Here was the first chance to try out Stalin's secret organization. Messages went out to every district organizer; and from them to every factory and company. "Get ready! Obey the appeal in *Pravda*!"

On June 9 *Pravda* announced a mass demonstration for the next day. Its theme looked innocent: "All power to the Soviets!" But this really meant: "Down with the provisional government."

FOR once the moderates acted quickly. The Soviet Congress was told that "anarchists" were trying to destroy the revolution. It passed a decree forbidding all demonstrations without the permission of the Soviet Executive.

Should the Bolsheviks defy the ban and risk civil war, perhaps conquering the capital but with all Russia against them? In the late afternoon the Bolsheviks held a meeting at the Kshesinskaia Palace. Not only the central committee was there, but all the district organizers who could be summoned in time. Some of the younger ones wanted to go ahead. They were prepared to seize the banks, the railway stations, the telegraph office.

Lenin himself hesitated. He said as the evening drew on: "It is too late to draw back. The appeal for a demonstration is already set up in *Pravda*."

A worker named Danilov called out: "Give

Continued on page 43

NIGHT PATROL

by ROBERT HOLMES

Leigh was ready to risk his life. The gunman might shoot, but the young detective meant to capture him. Single-handed . . .

THE café was small and harshly lit. Its only customers were two middle-aged men in cloth caps. Leigh Braddon gave them a brief glance, then walked over to the slatternly-looking girl lounging behind the counter and showed her his warrant card.

He said: "I'm looking for a dark-haired young chap. He has a very white face, there's a rash on his chin and a big scar by his left ear. Probably wearing a blue suit, no tie. Seen anyone like that?"

"Sounds a dream, don't he?" the girl said. She stared at Leigh with insolent eyes. "What's he stole?"

"Never mind that," Leigh said. "Has he been in here tonight?"

"Can't say I've noticed him."

Leigh hesitated. "Are you sure?"

"Course I'm sure!" the girl flared. "I've got eyes, ain't I? Now, get out of it! Go on, scram! This was a nice place till you come in!"

"That's enough cheek from you," Leigh said. He went to the door, conscious of the men watching him. "Ring the Yard if anyone answering that description comes in."

"Hah," the girl jeered. "When I become a nark, that'll be the day!"

Leigh let the door swing shut behind him and walked up the street towards the police car. Bad-tempered little shrew, he thought, feeling glad that Detective Sergeant Foy had stayed in the car.

It was the sort of incident that would have led to one of Andrew Foy's little lectures, and Leigh had heard enough of those to last a lifetime. Worse still, he thought, Foy would have wasted ten minutes buttering the girl up. Foy had never learned the value of time in a hunt of this sort.

He reached the car and jerked open the passenger door.

"Och, you were quick," Foy said. "No luck?"

Leigh shook his head and got into the car.

"Well, now," the sergeant said, "where else shall we try?" Twenty years in London had made no impression on his soft, unhurried Highland speech.

"There's the Lex in Palma Street," Leigh said curtly.

Sergeant Foy's head seemed to sink into the collar of his cheap, belted coat as he pondered the suggestion. In the light from the dashboard, Leigh could see only a lumpy nose and half of a shaggy eyebrow.

"The Lex is no' the sort of place the young rascal would pick," Foy said finally. "Here's a laddie from a Liverpool slum, most likely had nothing to eat since he broke out of Borstal this morning, and with only a bob or two in his pocket—it's in the fish-and-chip shops we'll find him, I'm thinking."

"Let's try some, then," Leigh said.

"On the other hand," Foy went on complacently, "now he's got a gun he's mebbe fancying himself as Humphrey Bogart—he might try a break-and-entry."

Leigh listened to the sergeant's musings and gritted his teeth impatiently. Before reaching London, Albert Ferris—the Borstal escapee they were hunting—had broken into a farmhouse to steal clothing and a .45 revolver that the farmer should not have had. Because he was armed and believed to be desperate, every available policeman in London had been put on to the hunt.

The search had now concentrated in the King's Cross district—his and Foy's own "manor." It was galling to have to sit still and listen to Foy's low-voiced speculations while officers from other divisions might, at any moment, make a capture that would be good for a commissioner's commendation.

"We're not doing much good sitting here," Leigh said, when he felt that he could not control his impatience any longer.

SERGEANT FOY turned bulkily to look at him. "I wouldn't say that," he said, his voice tinged with amusement. "Ferris might walk by any minute and ye can just reach out and claim him. The longer we bide here, the emptier the streets get. When all decent bodies are in bed our laddie will stick out like a sore thumb."

Leigh cursed silently and leaned back against the car's upholstery. He knew that Foy could not be budged. If only he had been teamed up with a live-wire instead of this old farmer!

Foy was stodgy, dull, set in his ways. Leigh considered that the sergeant lacked the drive and initiative of younger men. He tried to cover up by making a virtue of his plodding methods —"Rome wasna built in a day" and "It's the wee things, laddie, that ye must watch for" were his favourite expressions. In the two months that he had been working with the sergeant Leigh had heard them several hundred times.

At first, he had taken the older man lightly. In the off-duty hours that he spent with Mary Cronin—the blonde policewoman who worked occasionally as a plain-clothes aide—Leigh had viewed the sergeant's foibles with youthful tolerance.

"Andy's not a bad old stick in his way," he had told her, cheerfully. "It's just that he's so damned slow about everything!"

LATELY, however, he had found that Foy was irritating him more and more. He had become increasingly impatient with Foy's methods. Leigh wanted to get ahead in the Force. He wanted to marry Mary, but not until he had something better to offer her than he had now. He felt sure that he would never get anywhere as long as he stayed with Foy, and he was seriously thinking about applying to be posted. . . .

Beside him, he heard Foy sigh and stretch before reaching for the starter button. He sounded like an old man turning over in bed, Leigh thought contemptuously.

"I think we'll take a drive round the back ways," the sergeant said, putting the car into gear. "We'll see if there's anything skulking about."

He turned the car east, off the Euston Road, and began patiently quartering the maze of narrow, poorly lighted streets. Leigh hunched forward in his seat to scan the pavements. Absently he listened to the crackle of messages over the radio.

Soon, he thought, there would come an "all cars" message calling off the hunt, and saying that Ferris had been arrested by the crew of car 3Q or any one of a dozen other interlopers in the King's Cross area. Certainly, it would never be announced that he had been arrested by the crew of car 4U—because the skipper of 4U was a fat old buffer who expected criminals to walk into his arms. . . .

Leigh's bitter trend of thought was broken by the sudden realization that they were travelling along a familiar street. Mary had a flat just round the corner. He wondered if Foy would turn down that way. She would be off-duty now, and home; they might pass her lighted window.

He smiled to himself in the darkness of the

ILLUSTRATED BY KENNETH WYNN

A few feet more and Leigh was level with the fire escape. He paused, and then began to swing across the gap. Below him, Mary gasped

car. In another two years, perhaps, when he got his promotion to sergeant, he and Mary. . . .

"Yon lassie's in a hurry," Foy said, braking suddenly.

Out of the turning ahead of them a girl had come running—a slim blonde who checked as the car's headlights swept over her.

With a shock of surprise Leigh recognized the girl.

"Why, it's Mary Cronin!" Foy said. He drew the car up alongside her and Leigh threw his door open. "What's the trouble, Mary?" he said.

"Oh, gosh!" Mary said, gulping for breath. She leaned against the car. "A factory-breaking I think. . . . I was just running down to the call-box."

"Factory-breaking?" Foy said, his voice a tone sharper than usual. "Where?"

"An old place round the corner," Mary said.

She squeezed in beside Leigh and the sergeant let the car forward. "I was on my way home and I saw a light at one of the windows," Mary said. "There's no watchman there and I've never seen the place lit before."

"Somebody mebbe left a light burning," Foy said. "How much farther, Mary?"

"It's that tall building ahead on the left."

Foy switched off the car's lights and let it coast into the kerb. "We'll just take a look round, Leigh," he said, struggling out of his seat. "Don't slam the door."

The factory was a narrow, old-fashioned building, four storeys high. It stood slightly back from the street line and there was a passage leading to the rear. Massive double doors at the front yielded not an inch when Leigh pushed at them. The windows had not been tampered with.

"Where was the light, Mary?" Foy said.

"On the second floor—you can only see it from an angle." She led them a few yards along the pavement and pointed up. "Look, it's still on."

Staring up from that angle they could see a

Whatever the pleasure
Player's complete it

Player's Please

IT'S THE TOBACCO THAT COUNTS

[NCC 20]

chink of yellow light at one of the dark windows. "Well, now," Foy said softly. "Curtains in a factory, eh? Let's go round to the back."

At the rear of the factory there was a small concrete courtyard. Apart from the absence of the double doors, the back of the building looked much as the front. Again, all the ground floor windows were secure, but there was a smaller fanlight that had been left open.

Foy flashed his torch on it. "I'm thinking," he said, "that a slim, wee Borstal boy could get in there."

"Not unless there was somebody to lift him up to it," Leigh pointed out.

Foy made a noise of disgust. "Och, you're right, laddie. I was overlooking that fact."

"It's the wee things that ye must watch for," Leigh muttered in Mary's ear. She jabbed him with her elbow.

Foy moved a yard or two along the building and played his torch on a steel fire escape that ended at the level of the first floor.

"I'm thinking," he said, "that an agile young Borstal boy could climb that bit of drainpiping and swing himself on to the fire ladder there. And an agile young policeman could mebbe do the same."

Leigh pulled at the rusty drainpipe that the sergeant had indicated. "Mebbe," he said dryly. The drainpipe passed within a yard of the fire escape. It looked to be a fairly easy matter to get from one to the other. "I'll have a shot," he said. He took off his coat and gave it to Mary to hold.

"Be careful, Leigh," she said.

"Now mind," Foy said. "Just go up and look around. If you see any broken windows we'll take it for a fact that there's someone in there, and we'll get some reinforcements."

"Right," Leigh said. He rubbed his hands together and grasped the drainpipe. Rubber-soled shoes gave him some purchase against the rough brickwork, but his arms had to bear most of his weight.

THE climb became easier after he reached the first bracket. A few more feet and he was level with the fire escape. He paused for a moment, gathering himself, and then swung across the gap. Below him he heard Mary gasp as, for a long second, he hung one-handed from a metal stanchion. Then he had a grip with both hands and was scrambling over the edge of the platform.

Panting with exertion, he got to his feet, and examined the first-floor window. It was firm. Cautiously, he started to climb. There was no sign of light on the second floor, no sign of anyone having entered by the windows there.

He climbed higher, reached the third floor. Something cracked under his foot, and, bending down, he found a sliver of glass on one of the metal treads.

Leigh risked a quick flash of his torch. One pane of a casement window had been broken. He pulled gently at the frame and the window swung open. He peered into the darkness beyond, listening intently. He knew that he should go down now, tell Foy what he had found, wait for other policemen to arrive. . . .

His every instinct rebelled against such a course. He had come this far on his own; he wanted to finish the job on his own. Whatever Foy might say, it would be a feather in his cap—particularly if it *was* Ferris who had broken in through this window. The single-handed capture of a gunman, a step nearer promotion, Mary. . . .

Leigh hesitated no longer. He swung himself quietly over the sill and lowered his feet to the floor. A brief flash of his torch showed him that he was in a largish room furnished as an office. He went across to the door.

Outside, there was a corridor that seemed to run the length of the building, but just opposite where he was standing he saw the dark well of a stairway. Leigh crept silently down the stairs to the second floor: another corridor, doors opening off on either side. A board creaked under his foot and he stopped dead, his heart pounding with excitement. His throat felt dry.

By this time, he thought, Sergeant Foy would have realized that he had disobeyed orders and entered the building. He grinned to himself, imagining Foy's fulminations.

He began to creep on again, eyes searching the blackness for any faint glimmer of light, ears strained to catch the slightest sound. When it came it was a homely, incongruous noise to break the midnight silence of an empty factory: the scrape of cutlery on a plate.

Leigh stiffened. The noise had come from beyond the door on his right. He edged towards it a step at a time and saw a thin line of light at the base of the door.

He took a deep breath and his searching hand settled lightly on the door handle. Action—now!

With one swift jerk he sent the door crashing back and threw himself into the lighted room beyond. There was a hoarse yell, more of triumph than dismay, and, half-dazzled by the sudden light, Leigh caught only a momentary glimpse of the figure springing at him. He swung to meet the threat, but even as he turned something crashed against his head with stunning force. The light in his eyes flashed to red, then purple, and he felt himself falling faster and faster, down to where there was no light at all.

He had no idea how long he had been unconscious. His head ached atrociously. He was lying in a pool of blood. Thick, red blood. . . . He tried to raise his head and groaned with the effort, fighting against a sudden attack of nausea. Dizzily, he pulled himself into a sitting position and realized that what he had mistaken for blood was tomato sauce. A broken bottle lay on the floor beside him. So that was what he had been hit with!

"Keep sitting there, copper!" a voice said behind him. "Don't try to get up!"

Leigh turned with a start, and recognized the youth who was leaning against a table, watching him with malicious eyes. There was a sneer on the white face and a cigarette dangled from his lips. In one hand he was negligently twirling the stolen revolver.

Foy had been right about one thing, Leigh thought—Ferris was playing the Humphrey Bogart rôle. He wondered how the youth had spotted him for a policeman so quickly, and then saw his open wallet and warrant card on the floor nearby.

The room he was in was quite small. Apart from the door he had entered by, there were also double swing doors that presumably led to the factory's canteen. Ferris had fetched a tarpaulin from somewhere and nailed it roughly over the only window.

"Nice of you to drop in like that, copper!" Ferris said.

He took Leigh's cigarette case from a pocket and grinned, displaying bad teeth. "I was needing a fag after me dinner."

"You young fool!" Leigh said. "How far do you think you're going to get?"

"Don't you worry about me," Ferris said, his thick Liverpool accent very marked. "You got yourself to worry about, brother."

Leigh eased a knee up under him. He wished he knew how long he had been unconscious. What was Foy doing? He looked at the gun Ferris was holding. To postpone the inevitable moment when he would have to face its threat, he said: "Stop being stupid, Ferris! It'll be jail for you next time."

"Aah, they'll never take me alive," Ferris snarled. He waved the gun fiercely. "And you quit crawlin' about or I'll let you have it now."

LEIGH flinched, staring into the deadly black eye that was the gun barrel. He could see shining, blunt-nosed bullets in the open-ended chamber, and a dirty, nicotined finger trembling on the trigger. He tensed his muscles, trying to ignore the cold feeling in his stomach. He would dive at the youth's legs, hoping to bring him down. . . .

The swing doors were thrown violently open and Sergeant Foy stepped into the kitchen. Leigh caught a glimpse of Mary behind him, and then his attention was distracted as Ferris whirled, gun in hand.

"All right, Ferris," Foy said calmly. "You're under arrest. Drop that gun!"

"The hell I will!" Ferris said. His face had a twisted, malevolent look. "I'll shoot the lot of yez first!" He moved the gun from side to

Continued on page 35

THREE NEW SHORT STORIES

Sudan Dogwatch

by GERALD MILLWARD

Felan Effendi was afraid of responsibility. "I dare not sleep for the terrors of my dreams," he said. To help him, Mr. Wade set a trap—and fell into it himself

The Love Bug

by YVONNE SEAGER

Clara and Joe were human guinea pigs for Doctor Timpson's research—they had to make sure that they caught colds. What a way it was to spend their honeymoon!

A Dowry For Maria-Pia

by D. A. R. ELLERINGTON

Of course she must have a dowry. Otherwise she would get only a man like Max—and Mama would never allow that. But suppose Max could provide a fortune for them all . . .

IN JOHN BULL NEXT WEEK

In California, Eamonn relaxes with Jack Solomons, the boxing promoter. Solomons gave him the tip-off that Cockell was to fight Marciano

This Is My Life (6)

A gamble takes me to San Francisco

by **EAMONN ANDREWS**
as told to **WILFRED GREATOREX**

For months I dreamed of America. Then came my chance. I travelled six thousand miles—to do a broadcast that might never be heard

ON this television age, there is only the thickness of a cathode-ray tube between obscure anonymity and public recognition on a scale that can be both bewildering and dangerous. The medium that makes all men brothers can also lead a man to think he's Big Brother himself.

I couldn't help reflecting on this during that warm, and for me eventful, spring of 1954, when Grainne and I returned from her recuperative holiday in the south of France. We stepped right into a whirl of public interest in her health and professional offers for my services as heady as the wine and climate of Cannes.

For months, Grainne had lain in hospital at Stanmore with an infected hip and I had stepped up the amount of work I was doing, partly in self-defence against loneliness. Then had come, with the hospital sister's forecast that Grainne would soon be able to leave for home, the most hectic fortnight I ever remember.

Besides fulfilling an average of three radio and television engagements a day, with all the preparations they entail, I set out to find a new flat: it had to be on the ground floor, for I knew that for some time Grainne would be able to walk only on crutches.

Finally, after inspecting twenty or thirty flats in various parts of London, I found one at Lancaster Gate, just opposite Hyde Park. I had photographs taken of every room, and on most days stole an hour or two to pore over them with Grainne, who was thus able to plan the decorations and furnishing from her bed. She

worked out everything, including the colour schemes, and I merely transmitted her instructions; but television had made even this domestic move a matter of apparent public interest, and one over-enterprising and persuasive photographer got me to pose with a wallpaper brush on top of a step ladder. It gave the impression that I was a do-it-yourself expert.

When I brought Grainne from hospital to our new home, we stayed only a few days before flying to the Riviera, to a quiet hotel at Cap Ferrat. We visited Nice, Cannes, Juan-les-Pins and Monte Carlo, and once crossed into Italy, but most of the time we were on the beach.

Grainne was still not sufficiently recovered to be able to swim or even to keep her balance on the sand, and I carried her to the water, where she could at least float. In the sun and sea, Grainne improved noticeably with each day, and I knew that she was well on the way to recovery when she started complaining about the amount of weight she had put on during her illness.

It was more of a convalescence than a holiday, and I promised that as soon as she was properly fit we would spend a real holiday in Jamaica, where her sister Siobhan was now living after marrying a doctor in practice there. There had been a tearful scene in Grainne's hospital room when Siobhan had called after her wedding and just before leaving for Kingston.

But now we were back in London, a further break seemed a long way off. As we came through the Customs at London Airport a B.B.C. representative took me by the arm and said that a car was waiting to take us to the studios for an appearance on the *Ask Pickles* programme. Grainne was using elbow crutches, and the sight of her prompted hundreds of viewers to write in the days that followed, inquiring about her health. It was a new situation for Grainne to be getting most of the mail every morning and, down to earth as usual, she took the opportunity of pointing it out.

I slipped back into the routine, taking over again from Ron Randell, who had blown kisses as chairman of *What's My Line?* and resuming my Saturday sports programmes. By this time, two novel problems had arisen. My manager, Teddy Sommerfield, said that the time had come to limit my activities in any particular field to avoid the danger of over-exploitation, and he was also working out a plan to make me into a limited company.

I used to think that earning more money than is required for immediate needs would be no hardship at all, but in the strange world of show business it can be a menace. The professional entertainer is peculiarly vulnerable to the effects of retrospective taxation, and after the tension of a public appearance there is a reaction of relief which can lead to wild spending.

I have always been quick to grasp security, and this proposal of Teddy's looked like a second line of defence; as a limited company, I would have my spending money limited and my taxes would be paid on the nail. I was less enthusiastic about reducing my activities, for the times when I couldn't land even a single engagement were all too recent for comfort of mind; but gradually I began cutting down on programmes which had the same sort of public.

THERE were many other lines to attempt. I went into radio's *Forces Show* with a high-speed fifteen-minute quiz, and did a sponsored series for Radio Luxembourg called *Strike It Rich*, an American programme idea which appealed to me but which was also somewhat depressing to handle; for the challengers who came up to win sums of up to £100 all had hard-luck stories to tell, and some were blind, maimed and sick.

I have always admired the Americans' approach to radio and television, their professionalism and slickness, and I began wondering whether the time had come to go over to New York to seek new ideas. It would mean making the trip during the off-season of *What's My Line?* but before this happened I was to launch out on a series I had long coveted, the Saturday night disc-jockey hour. We called it *Pied Piper*, and I found myself engaged in a series of four-programme Saturdays when I lived almost the whole day through at Broadcasting House.

The rush began first thing when I drove to Waterloo Station to pick up *Sports Report* editor Angus Mackay so that we could discuss the day's sports news on the way to Broadcasting House, and it finished a minute after midnight. With Angus, I had developed through years of working together on a more or less off-the-cuff programme a telepathy which amazes those who notice it. One snowbound Saturday, when I was calling in the football reporters from various B.B.C. centres, we were finding that the weather had prevented many from reaching the studios. No reply came when I introduced one or other of them, and I knew instinctively which centre Angus next had in mind even before his instructions came over the headphones.

Mackay is by far the greatest sports editor I have ever met. He refuses to be hidebound by red tape, and if he wants an interview with Rocky Marciano he will move the entire United States of America to get it.

This determination was illustrated some time ago when he was severely burned in the Barnes train smash, in which many people lost their lives. He had no complaints when I went to visit him in hospital, but merely remarked that he was not supposed to touch his face or to exercise his arms. He willed himself out of that bed, and four weeks after the crash surprised us all by turning up in the studio. We called his doctor and compelled him to go home; even then, he was back at work three weeks later, though his hands had not yet healed.

Several times, with Angus, I managed to get out to see part of a football match at Stamford Bridge or Highbury on a Saturday afternoon; but we abandoned this after we were once held up in traffic and only just reached the studio in time for *Sports Report*.

I missed seeing Saturday soccer games and, increasingly, I wanted to return, if only

Eamonn joins Sammy McCarthy in training. Before a fight in Belfast, Eamonn wished Sammy, a Londoner, good luck. Later he had to be protected from angry Irish boxing fans

Grainne and Eamonn went to the south of France after her illness. She had difficulty in walking on the beach and had to be carried to the sea whenever she wanted a bathe

Ah! Here's set No. 5

Thousands of people are collecting

WHIMSIES

and have been waiting for this latest set—the daintiest and most appealing yet. The three delicately modelled horses and little prancing dog make a delightful group. Whimsies—made of fine porcelain and hand decorated are a perfect gift. They are in all good stores and china shops. Start *your* collection now —some stockists may still have the earlier sets.

6/6 PER SET

'Each one a collector's piece'

REAL PORCELAIN MINIATURES
by WADE OF ENGLAND
GEORGE WADE & SON LTD.
MANCHESTER POTTERY • BURSLEM • STOKE-ON-TRENT

When you feel you just can't cope

You know those days when you just don't feel up to your job. The simplest thing seems too much for you. It's not that you feel ill, exactly—just tired and depressed and a bit run down. All the same, it's a feeling that shouldn't be allowed to go unchecked.

And it *can* be checked—quickly, safely and effectively—by taking a couple of Yeast-Vite tablets. Formulated especially to combat fatigue and overstrain, Yeast-Vite will make you feel better in a matter of minutes. Test it for yourself by taking Yeast-Vite next time you need a pick-me-up.

YEAST-VITE

The Lightning Pick-me-up

TABLETS

Why **YEAST-VITE** *acts so fast*

Yeast-Vite contains three vital ingredients; ***phenacetin*** *to soothe your nerves, disperse headaches and relieve rheumatic pains;* ***caffeine,*** *to give an immediate 'lift'; and, to build up vitality,* ***yeast***— *the perfect natural source of Vitamin B.*

1/9 and 4/- a bottle

YV.11 *'Yeast-Vite' is a registered trade mark*

Me and my Main

One week with a Main Century and you'll wonder how you coped without it. Its virtues—a tiny appetite for gas, a big appetite for work. Its special features—large, lift-off platerack; safety-sprung gas taps, each with a fixed stop for simmering; oven lighting from the front. With rounded corners everywhere, and hotplate and oven fittings that are all removable, it's no trouble to clean. And it's waiting for you in all its cream enamel beauty at your local gas showrooms!

THE MAIN No. 20

CENTURY

GAS COOKER

See the Century at your local gas showrooms

Note the name-made by MAIN

There's a Century model for bottle-gas. And there's a big Main gas-cookery book—750 recipes, over 300 pages, 5/6 post free from Dept. JB., R & A Main Ltd, 48 Grosvenor Gardens, London SW1 P11

This week is specially arranged for YOU. Portland style-comfort shoe agents everywhere are making an extra effort to introduce you to a new

THIS IS Portland SHOE WEEK

joy in walking—to give you comfort in the style of your choice. Styled on lasts that have already given so many women a younger walk, we are confident that you ALSO will be delighted.

P8475
Black Suede & Glace Kid
Brown Suede & Glace Kid and Blue Suede & Glace Kid 30 Shape
Extra Wide Fitting
Price 69/11

No genuine Portland style-comfort shoe is sold without the name clearly stamped on the inside of the shoe.

Portland AGENT

This sign not only guarantees a good shoe but an expert and courteous fitting.

PORTLAND SHOES LIMITED (DEPT. 52) LEICESTER

After Grainne had left hospital she received hundreds of letters inquiring about her health

occasionally, to my first love—boxing commentaries. The opportunity came in January, 1955, when Sammy McCarthy was defending his British featherweight title against Billy Kelly, the Empire champion, in Belfast. A few weeks before, in our annual round-up of *Sports Report*, I interviewed McCarthy, a gentle, smiling cockney, and asked him about his chances.

"You hope to come back with both titles, I suppose," I said.

"Yes."

"Well, good luck, Sammy!"

Those words seemed innocent enough, but in Belfast that Saturday night they were thrown back at me along with a few more material objects. As I arrived at the ringside, I sensed a disturbance behind me and a voice rose above the rest, shouting: "So you wished McCarthy good luck, did you? You hope he's going to win. A right bloody Irishman you are!"

I tried to remember what I had done to make the natives of my own Ireland so hostile, and then it dawned on me. It all seemed unnecessary and hard to understand, for McCarthy's name hardly suggested that he came from Czechoslovakia—and here we were in Belfast, where you would suppose a Londoner might be regarded as a fellow citizen.

When Kelly and McCarthy appeared, the rumpus behind me died down. It was a wonderful fight, and I did a commentary of which I was proud, and later prouder still; for a well-known referee, listening in London, kept a score-card from my description and when he checked it with one kept by the fight referee, it tallied exactly, round for round. For all that, I had to be escorted from the hall under a hail of paper pellets.

It wasn't the first time that my Irish nationality had landed me in a spot of bother, and I suppose it won't be the last. Once, in a newsreel commentary, I had commended the co-operation in an electricity scheme between the Government of the Republic of Ireland and what I called the Government of Northern Ireland. Shortly afterwards, a member stood up in the Dail and criticized me for talking about the Government of Northern Ireland. It's a sad problem that a country should be so divided, and I have always regarded Ireland as thirty-two counties rather than twenty-six and six, but I was annoyed by the point he had made, and thought it churlish in the circumstances.

By contrast, my occasional contretemps with Gilbert Harding seemed mild. As *What's My Line?* continued week after week, I took as many buffetings as anyone and after one argument a viewer who was on Gilbert's side sent me a dictionary which he suggested I needed badly. After a while one learns to smart and laugh at the same time over the side-effects of public appearances, of which there are plenty.

Once, when I arrived to open a store in the west country, I had to run the gauntlet of a large crowd outside; another television-age trend that the crooners are welcome to keep for themselves. My back was patted, my arms were tugged and my hair ruffled. I felt like a wild Red Indian when I finally got inside, where I was greeted by a well-dressed young man who looked like an official of the store. Chuckling over my dishevelled appearance he said casually, "Well, what did you think of that?"

"It's just as well I'm not a woman," I said, "and don't have a permanent wave. Otherwise I'd be upset."

It was after the opening ceremony when I was about to board the London train that I bought an evening paper and saw a half-column report about the event. To my horror, I read that I was supposed to have said: "I used to have a permanent wave. Look at me now." I've never forgiven that reporter.

I was still considering a trip to the United States for my further television education when, in the spring of 1955, the head of B.B.C. Television light entertainment, Ronnie Waldman, telephoned me with the news that he might be going ahead with an American programme called *This Is Your Life*.

We had lunch and talked it over. It seemed just the chance I had been waiting for: there was now more justification for crossing the Atlantic and studying American television methods and ideas, and for fitting in that holiday with Grainne in Jamaica.

We went ahead with plans for the trip as soon as *What's My Line?* was rested, and in the middle of all this I met Jack Solomons, who gave me the first whisper that Don Cockell might be going over to fight Rocky Marciano for the world heavyweight crown. I found this an even more exciting prospect, for a world heavyweight championship is to the boxing commentator the biggest deal in the pack.

Later, when the fight was definitely announced, I found that the B.B.C. had no plans for a direct commentary, and at a boxing writers' dinner I tackled Solomons about the prospects. He promised to do what he could if the B.B.C. was interested. Everything seemed to be fitting into place. The B.B.C. started preliminary inquiries into costs and technical arrangements. There were a number of snags, not least the fact that a razor blade firm controlled the broadcast rights, and not all of these had been ironed out when Grainne and I flew to New York.

The hospitality of Americans was already well known to me from those days I spent at Limerick, but I was not prepared for the hearty reception we had from the moment of landing. A B.O.A.C. girl had been sent to drive us to our hotel, and explained on the way that she had once been auditioned for the panel of *What's My Line?*—one of scores of people, some of them famous, who have gone through that ordeal.

We were invited to the *Arthur Godfrey Show* by an Irish girl called Carmen Quinn, who has a part in it, and there I studied the astonishing results Godfrey achieves with the most uninhibited ad libbing. We met Gracie Fields in a theatre foyer at the première of a new Fred Astaire film, and one morning in a television studio I was introduced to Ed Murrow, that fabulous deep-voiced commentator with the authoritative manner whose wartime broadcasts from London did as much as anything to enlist American support for Britain.

I suggested to Murrow that I might do a *Person To Person* television show on him, but he had already promised this, if ever it should be done, to another broadcaster.

Television in the United States goes on with much less preparation than in Britain, and off-the-cuff interviews, which I prefer, are the order rather than the scripted variety. When a telecaster called Bill Leonard interviewed me over the C.B.S. network about the Cockell-Marciano fight, he promptly riled me by referring to "this bum Cockell." Frankly, I was in my element hitting back with spontaneous stuff that Mr. Leonard probably enjoyed less than the Cockell supporters who might have been looking in.

Next day I had a note from Peggy Coolidge, a descendant of ex-President Coolidge, whom I had once met at a party in the Irish Embassy, expressing indignation over Leonard's remark and inviting Grainne and myself to a party thrown on our behalf.

Peggy said she would invite anyone we particularly wanted to meet, and among these people was John Daly, my opposite number on the American *What's My Line?* In the event, Daly could not come because he was dining that night with President Eisenhower in Washington. Nevertheless, I did meet crooner Eddie Fisher, a sports fan who laid a five-dollar bet with me on the outcome of the big fight.

Apart from these occasional parties and visits to television studios, I spent most of the time watching TV and listening to radio programmes in our hotel room. When Grainne suggested going out, I solemnly drew attention to the fact

Continued on page 43

Beyond The Black Stump

by NEVIL SHUTE

ILLUSTRATED BY LAURENT

The time of decision had arrived. Molly could no longer hide the truth from Stanton

GEOLOGIST Stanton Laird was back home in America after some months of oil-prospecting in Western Australia. He hadn't found oil there, but he had found a girl—red-haired Molly Regan from wealthy Laragh sheep-station.

Molly and Stanton, unofficially engaged, had travelled to America together. Stanton was going into his father's business in Hazel, his home town. Molly was deciding whether she liked the life there.

Stanton knew that some day soon he would have to tell her about his past—about Ruth Eberhart and the teenage escapade that had ended in tragedy. He must, because Ruth's husband, Chuck Sheraton, had recently been killed in a flying accident and she was returning to Hazel with her four children. Molly might notice the similarity between Stanton and Ruth's eldest boy. . . .

Molly, meanwhile, was finding Hazel very different from Laragh homestead. Already she was feeling faintly homesick—a feeling that was intensified by a letter from David Cope, who ran Lucinda, the next sheep-station to Laragh.

Lucinda was a poor, drought-stricken property and David was having a hard fight there. But his letter was courageous and cheerful. And Molly could not forget his sincerity when he had asked her to marry him and she had said no.

She put his letter away to read again. It was lovely to get news from home. . . .

PART FIVE

The Return Of Ruth Sheraton

RUTH arrived back in Hazel a few days later, with her mother and the four children. The car had been sold and they came wearily and economically by train from Texas.

They arrived early one afternoon and Helen Laird went down to meet them at the depot and assist them home to the new cottage in the backyard of the Eberhart home. She returned later with a depressing tale of two worn, haggard women and four weary, fretful children, all in urgent need of rest and kindness in the haven that was Hazel.

"They're just plumb tired out, all of them," she said. "I guess I'll make a kettle of soup that she can give the baby. Potato soup, with some of the chicken stock. I'll take it over in the morning and see if I can do the shopping for them while they get themselves settled."

Molly said: "Is there anything that I can do, Helen?"

The older woman turned to the girl. "She brought back a whole sack of dirty diapers. I know she'd appreciate it if somebody would put those through the washing machine, 'n' hang them out."

"I'll go round and get them right away."

Molly walked out in the warm September sunshine and round the corner of the shaded street, and up two blocks to the Eberhart home. She walked round to the back and in at the back door, as they were used to doing.

In the kitchen she ran into a strange woman, a tired woman of twenty-nine or thirty with

"Maybe you want to be a bit more carefu

white scars on her forehead and one cheek, cooking up some baby food over the stove.

Molly said: "I'm sorry—my name's Molly Regan. I'm stopping with the Lairds. Helen said there were some diapers wanted washing."

The woman smiled wearily. "I'll say there's some diapers! About seventy or eighty. I'm Ruth Sheraton. Have you come to do them?"

"That's right," said the girl. "I'll take them and do them in our machine and bring them back as soon as they're dry in the morning."

"They're all yours, sister." She went and fetched a bulging sack of waterproof cloth. "This is mighty nice of you," she said. She looked at Molly with interest. "Say, you're English or somethin', aren't you? You wouldn't be the girl came back with Stanton from Australia?"

"That's right."

"Well, what do you know? Say, I'm real glad to know you. Chuck and Stan were mighty good friends."

"I know," said Molly. "It was a terrible blow to Stanton when he heard."

Ruth nodded. "It would have been. . . ." And then she said: "Chuck always had lots of fun, whatever he was doing. But when you go having lots of fun in airplanes, I guess things are liable to happen, and that's all there is to it."

The girl nodded. "I suppose so." She picked up the bag. "I'll let you have these back as soon as they're ready, tomorrow morning at the latest."

"I'll be real grateful. 'Bye now."

In the Laird home that night the plight of the Eberhart family was the main topic of conversation, as it was in many of the homes in Hazel. The girl from Australia found this open discussion of another person's troubles to be distasteful, an invasion of privacy that ought to be respected. Yet there was no denying the sincere good feeling and desire to help that lay behind it. Through all the talk ran a current of plans to assist.

When Stanton went to bed that evening he was troubled and unable to sleep. He was deeply concerned with the plight of Ruth, but even more concerned that he had not told Molly yet about their early escapades. He felt that he had drifted into a position of duplicity without in the least intending to do so.

He knew now that he should have told Molly about Ruth much earlier, back in Australia before ever she had come with him to the United States, and yet it had not seemed important then, an old trouble that was practically forgotten. It was going to be far more difficult to tell her now, but she must be told. In far away Australia he had never dreamed that a position like this could arise.

He did not get a lot of sleep that night. He lay tossing restlessly in bed till it occurred to him that he was hot, and he got up and turned the heat off at the radiator, and half an hour later he felt cold and turned it on again.

He went on exercising the thermostat all night, and still he couldn't sleep. When dawn came it found him thick in the head and tired to death, but completely resolved that he must tell Molly all about it, and tell her at once.

He did it after breakfast. He said: "Say, Molly, come out in the garden. I got somethin' I want to tell you."

She followed him, wondering, and he led her round behind the barbecue where there was a little privacy. And then he said: "Say, did you ever get in trouble when you were at school?"

"Lots of times," she said.

"I mean, in real trouble. Like when somebody gets killed, or has a baby, or gets liable to go to the reform school or the penitentiary. Did you ever get in real trouble, Molly?"

She shook her head. "I never did, myself. I know people who did, of course. What's this all about, Stan?" She looked at him keenly. "Are you all right this morning?"

"I guess I didn't sleep so good," he said miserably. "I got to thinking about things, and then I thought maybe I ought to tell you. I got in real trouble one time, 'n' you'd better know about it. I guess I should have told you long ago."

"Lots of people get into trouble," she said quietly. "Tell me if you want to, Stan, but sometimes it's better to let things be. How long ago did this happen?"

"Thirteen years," he said. "It was in 1942."

She thought quickly. "You were just a kid then. You were sixteen?"

"That's right," he said. "We were all sixteen. I guess you're old enough to get in plenty of trouble by the time you're sixteen."

She smiled. "Tell me about it if you want to, Stan. But I shan't lose much sleep over anything you did before you left high school."

"You'd better wait till you hear it," he observed. "Maybe you'll be so mad you'll never want to see me again."

He hesitated, uncertain how to begin. "I guess you must think I'm a strait-laced kind of a guy," he said at last. "Only drinking cokes and like that. I wasn't always that way. Chuck 'n' me, we went kind of wild when we were kids together, in high school. Both of us had old torn-out jalopies. We used to get bottles of rye 'n' drive out some place in the country 'n' get tight. Used to take the girls along, 'n' they would get tight, too. And then we'd get to playing tag on the way home. . . ."

She wrinkled her brows. "In the cars?"

"Uh-huh. First I'd bump him just a little

what you say in front of folks," he told her. She nodded sadly: "I did it on purpose, Stan"

'n' then drive away lickety-split while he tried to bump me."

She smiled. "Sounds a good game."

"Maybe. I guess we didn't know the chances we were taking. But that wasn't all we played, taking the girls along, 'n' getting tight all together."

She nodded. "I don't suppose it was." A light began to dawn on her. "Do I know any of the girls?"

"Ruth Eberhart was one," he said unhappily. "The other was a girl called Diana Fawsitt, but she got killed."

"Got killed, Stan?"

"Uh-huh. We got in a tangle, corner of Roosevelt Avenue and Fourth Street, both going about seventy. Those scars on Ruthie's face are where she went through the windshield. Chuck 'n' me got away with it, only broken ribs and like that. I guess that's because we had the wheel to hang on to. But Diana, she got thrown on the sidewalk. And she died."

She pressed his hand. "Oh, Stan!" She knew the corner so well. She passed it every day on the way down to Main Street, an innocent suburban corner with grass borders and mountain ash trees, covered in red berries now. It seemed incredible that tragedy could happen there.

"Was she any relation to Mr. Fawsitt at the jewellery store?"

He nodded. "His daughter."

She said quietly: "I'm so sorry, Stan."

"I guess kids get to doing things that are plumb crazy," he went on. "I dunno how we dodged the penitentiary. Chuck 'n' me got the reform school, but the judge suspended sentence and we went on at high school. But after that, I gave up liquor. It doesn't do you any good, that stuff."

"Not when you're sixteen, anyway," she said. There was a pause, and then she said: "But, Stan, that's all over and done with now."

"That's not the whole story," he said. "When they started digging into things they found that Ruth was going to have a baby."

"I see," she said. "A lot of people have done that before."

"Mostly they get married first," he said.

She smiled at him kindly. "Not in the Lunatic. I'd say it's about fifty-fifty there. Was Chuck responsible?"

"Honest, Molly, I dunno," he said. "Chuck, he allowed he was responsible, but I was just about plumb certain it was me. We agreed we'd leave it up to Ruthie to say. She took quite a while making up her mind, 'n' then she said that it was Chuck."

"Is that when they got married?"

"Uh-huh. I never did know how she settled it was Chuck and not me. Sometimes I kinda get to thinking that she settled it wrong."

She eyed him keenly. "How do you mean, Stan—settled it wrong?"

He said: "Her first boy, Tony—he's grown up to look a lot like me."

He was glad, very glad that it was over. Now there was nothing more to tell, no more to be revealed.

"Is that what you wanted to tell me?" she inquired. "Just about Ruth's boy?"

He nodded. "I guess you must think me a heel."

She smiled. "I don't think that, Stan. I'd like to meet him. Is he a nice kid?"

"He's okay. Honest, Molly, I dunno if he's mine or not. But if he is, would that make any difference between us?"

"Of course it wouldn't, Stan. It happened such a long time ago, and you were only sixteen."

He breathed a deep sigh of relief. "Gee, it's swell of you to take it that way, Molly. I been lying awake nights over it, thinking that I should've told you way back, right at the beginning. But honest, I never thought about it. It all happened so long ago, 'n' then she married Chuck."

She pressed his hand. "Don't think about it any more."

They stood together in silence for a minute under the speckled shade of the elm tree, its leaves already turning to gold.

"Tell me one thing," she said presently. "The other girl, was she killed at once?"

He hesitated; what morbid curiosity was actuating her?

"I guess she was killed almost at once," he said. "I think she died on the sidewalk before they could get the ambulance."

She pursed her lips; so she hadn't died at once. . . .

There was no sense in prying further into the scene: the smashed cars, the children pulled from the wrecks by the horrified neighbours, the smashed body of the child Diana dying in a pool of blood on the grass verge between the paved sidewalk and the road, in the slanting light of the evening sun, under the flowering mountain ash trees, in the prim decency of Roosevelt Avenue.

"What a terrible thing, Stan!" she said.

"Uh-huh," he said. "Too bad it had to happen."

She recoiled a little, but he was a foreigner and looked at things differently. She had to know a little more about Diana, though. "Did the Fawsitts have other children?" she asked.

He wrinkled his brows. "Well, now—I'll just have to think. There was Sam in the senior class the year I went to Hazel high . . . 'n' then . . . 'n' then there was another one. What was his name? I just forget what he was called, Molly."

"Another boy?"

"That's right."

"Was she the only daughter that they had?"

He thought for a moment. "I'd say she probably was. I think there were the two boys and Diana."

"Is she buried here?" she asked.

He wrinkled his brows; why did she keep harping on this old tragedy? "I guess she must be."

"You don't know?" she asked a little sharply.

"I never gave it much thought, Molly," he said. "You think I'm kind of callous, or somethin'?"

"I think you might have put some flowers on her grave sometimes," she said with sudden bitterness. "After all, you killed her."

He stared at her in amazement and concern. "Say . . ." he said, "that's not right! It was an accident. Folks get killed in auto accidents every day."

She bit her lip, and was silent though the red-headed indignation was rising in her. If she was to marry him and make her life in Hazel she must learn his way of thought and not go flying off the handle because Americans in this small town didn't think exactly as she did.

She was silent for so long that he said, puzzled: "You mad at me, or somethin'?"

She raised her head. "I'm not mad at you, Stan."

"What's eating you then? You better tell me, Molly."

"I don't know how to put it, Stan," she said slowly. "We've both got a lot to get accustomed to about each other. We've been brought up pretty differently.

"You thought that I'd be worried about Ruth's son. Well, I'm not a bit worried about that. After all, I'm not too legitimate myself; I'd be an awful hypocrite if I was bothered about Ruth. But I can't get over this other girl, Diana Fawsitt."

He wrinkled his brows, trying to understand. "You didn't mean it when you said I killed her? We were all having a game. Nobody meant to do it."

She looked him in the eyes. "You'd better understand the way I see it, Stan," she said. "You were all sixteen. Apparently you got a lot of liquor, you and Chuck, and took these girls out and got them full. You got into a drunken game and killed one of them. You and Chuck were driving, and you were responsible for her, and you killed her between you. And you don't seem to care a thing about it."

She paused, and he stood in silent consternation at her strange attitude.

"I'm going to remember that you were sixteen," she said. "I'm going to try and forget all the rest."

He looked down, kicking the turf. "I think you're being kinda rough on us, Molly," he said. "All accidents, they happen because somebody does somethin' silly."

"I know they do," she said. "Don't let's talk of it again."

They went back to the house, and he went to

When Ruth Sheraton was ready

to leave, Molly took the chance of going with her. "I've got a letter to post," she said

the works and she went on with the household chores with Helen Laird. In the middle of the morning a boy of twelve strolled in.

"Hi-yah, Mrs. Laird!" he said. "Mom sent me over to get the diapers."

Molly took one look at him and endeavoured unsuccessfully to control the laughter that was twitching her face at the ridiculous thought of Stan's uncertainty.

"Hi-yah!" she repeated. "You must be Tony."

"That's right," he said. "You the Australian girl come back with Stan?"

"That's right," she said. "I've got the diapers right here."

"Gee," he said with interest, "you look just like an American. What are you laughing about?"

To cover up, she laughed right out loud and said: "Did you think that I'd be like a coloured girl?"

She had embarrassed him with her laughter. He said resentfully: "I seen pictures of Australians and they were coloured. With spears. They throw things called boomerangs that come back."

"That's right," she said. "But there are a lot more whites than coloured in Australia. Just like there are here."

"I guess I didn't know that. Mom said she'd be around this afternoon to visit you and say thanks for the diapers."

"Tell her that'll be lovely," the girl said.

He turned to go, the sack of diapers flung sturdily over his shoulder. "'Bye now!"

She watched him go a little fondly; Stanton at that age must have been exactly like this boy. There was still laughter in her eyes at the absurdity of an uncertainty about his parentage when she turned back to the kitchen and found Helen Laird looking at her apprehensively.

She looked so unhappy that Molly took pity on her. "It's all right, Mom," she said. "Stan told me all about him."

A wave of relief passed over Helen Laird. "He did?"

The girl laughed out loud. "I'm so sorry, Mom, but I can't help laughing. Stan said he wasn't sure if he was his or Chuck's—and he meant it, too! As if you couldn't tell by looking at him!"

The older woman said faintly: "He's Chuck's son, Molly."

The girl laughed again. "He can't possibly be, Helen. Stan must have been exactly like him when he was that age."

Helen Laird said dully: "You never saw Chuck, Molly. I guess they were pretty much alike." And then, to the girl's consternation, she turned to the corner of the room and began to sob bitterly, her face hidden in her hands.

The laughter faded from the girl; though this was amusing to her it was a bitter tragedy for his mother. She crossed the room and put her arm round Helen's shoulders.

"It's all right, Mom," she said gently. "It's not going to make any trouble, whoever his father was. It's quite all right. Come on and sit down, and I'll get a cup of coffee."

Helen Laird wiped her eyes. "He *is* Chuck's son," she said tearfully. "Ruthie always said so, and she must know."

MOLLY led the older woman to the table and switched on the electric coffee pot. She busied herself to get the cups and saucers, the carton of milk from the refrigerator, the sugar.

"I dunno how you young folks look at things," the older woman muttered. "You surely couldn't bear to have him round the place if he was Stan's. Or, if you could, what would your folks say?"

The coffee pot began to sing and the girl switched it off and brought it to the table. She poured out the cups of coffee.

"Don't worry any more, Mom," she said gently. "I suppose it might matter with some people, but not with me. We're quite used to this at home. We live a long way out in the bush, you know, on Laragh Station, and things happen there that wouldn't happen here. I've got a whole family of half-caste half-brothers and half-sisters living with us on the property that we don't talk about too much. Honestly, this doesn't mean a thing to me." She paused. "And it wouldn't mean a thing to Dad and Ma, either. They'd just laugh."

Helen Laird stared at her incredulously. "What did you say, about half-caste brothers?"

"I've got three of them," the girl said, "and two sisters—yellow girls. There weren't any white women in the district when Dad and Uncle Tom first went to Laragh after the first war."

"But Stan wrote us about your brothers and sisters. He said one was an accountant down in Perth, and one getting to be a famous surgeon in England, and another, a girl, doing Oriental languages or somethin'."

Molly laughed. "That's quite true, Mom," she said. "But I've got a lot of others we don't talk about so much."

Helen Laird said: "But, Molly—let me get this straight. You don't really mean you've got coloured people in your family?"

Aware for the first time of a pitfall opening before her, Molly said: "Dad and Ma are white, of course, and I'm pure white. But I've got half-brothers and sisters living on the property, and they're coloured."

There was a long pause. Then Helen Laird said quietly: "Stan never told us that."

"I think he might have done," the girl said. "But does it make any difference?"

Helen Laird passed her hand across her

Announcing a great serial . . . a superb thriller

STELLA CURTIS

WINSTON GRAHAM'S

outstanding new novel

THE SILENT PARTNER

MIKE GRANVILLE

JOHN CURTIS

RAY FRENCH

HERE is one of the finest thrillers written since the war, a powerful, fast-moving story of mystery and romance. It adds new distinction to the high reputation of Winston Graham as a master of suspense.

The Silent Partner is the story of Mike Granville, a scientist working in conjunction with Harwell atomic experimental station on a secret government project. Granville tells it himself. . . .

" The night Lynn left me I got home quite late. . . ." That is the opening: simple, intriguing. . . .

Granville begins the hunt for Lynn, his beautiful wife. But Lynn has vanished . . . no one knows where she is. His search leads to the uncovering of strange, bewildering mysteries and ends in a dramatic, startling discovery.

For Granville it is an ominous discovery—it sets him on the run. But while the police search for him, he must continue his hush-hush work, vital to Britain's influence abroad—and also try to solve the mystery of Lynn.

This gripping thriller takes the reader behind the scenes at Harwell, to a hidden air station in Wales, to the opulence and sophistication of Glyndebourne and Park Lane, and to a sinister flat in the heart of London's West End.

It is peopled with a group of vital, fascinating characters: the courageous Granville, Lynn with her mysteries and her strange way of life, Dr. John Curtis, a great physicist dying from the effects of gamma ray experiments, Stella, his lovely wife, who is Granville's assistant, and Ray French, a handsome young pianist. All are caught in a tangle of love and mystery, drama and suspense.

The Silent Partner will be one of the big successes of the year. It is a novel you will enjoy—a novel you must not miss. Illustrated by Fancett, it . . .

BEGINS IN JOHN BULL NEXT WEEK

brows wearily. "I dunno, dear. It's all been so sudden, first the one and then the other. Guess a boy's folks kind of like to know before he marries into a coloured family."

The girl kept her temper with an effort.

"We don't call ourselves a coloured family," she said. "Not that I'd mind very much if we did. Perhaps you ought to have a talk with Stan, Helen. He'd be able to explain things better than I can, because he'd see them more the way you do."

"Maybe that's right, dear," said his mother heavily. "I guess I'll have to have a talk with Stan."

The girl went to her bedroom depressed. Everything today was going wrong, in every kind of way. First Stanton, with his unconcern over Diana Fawsitt's death, which had so shocked her, and now his mother's shocked reaction to the news of her family.

Having grown up with them from childhood, Molly had accepted her half-brothers and sisters as a part of Laragh; infinitely kind and loving guardians in her childhood, people to whom she was deeply attached, and yet who were quite different from herself. Could she ever make the people of this town, the generous, affectionate people who were her hosts—could she ever make them understand? And what about the Judge? If she lived here, would he hang permanently above her head like the Sword of Damocles? Or must she disown him, too?

That afternoon Molly sat down in the privacy of her bedroom to answer the letter from David Cope. She wanted to pour out her mind to somebody she knew, to free herself on paper from the restraints that were beginning to gall her.

She started to tell him all that had happened to her since she had left the Lunatic. She told him about the Laird family and their great kindness to her, she told him about the lovely country that was Oregon, and described the delightful little town of Hazel. And then she said:

> It's all so lively here, and everybody's been so kind, I really feel ashamed of feeling homesick. I mean, it's just marvellous here. The country is so pretty, the people so nice, the shops so full of everything one wants, the roads so good and the motor-cars so lovely, just exactly like they are in the advertisements.
>
> It's all the opposite to Laragh and the Lunatic, so that it's crazy to be always thinking of home. I wish you'd write again some time and tell me more of what they're doing. I know I'm going to be terribly happy in this lovely place, but it's going to take a little time to settle down.
>
> Yours,
> Molly.

Downstairs, as Molly was writing this, Ruth Sheraton was visiting Helen Laird. She had found her upset, and it was not long before she discovered why.

When Molly came down she found them chatting amicably about the Shakespeare Festival that the Teachers College in Eugene was organizing, and drinking coffee.

Presently Ruth rose to go. "I got four hungry mouths to stuff some chow into," she said. "I'd better go along."

Molly said: "I've got a letter to post. I'll walk with you to the mail-box."

As they stepped out on to the sidewalk, Ruth Sheraton looked at her quizzically and said: "Mind if I tell you somethin', honey?"

"Of course not."

The older woman said: "This is a small town. When you live in a small town, you got to live and talk the way they do. You've been shooting off your mouth too much, about coloured

Continued on page 38

Honeycomb squire

With beehives in five counties, Tom Bradford has even had to turn detective to guard them

by JOHN SANDILANDS

At the end of the fruit season a few years ago, Tom Bradford, a Worcestershire commercial bee keeper, took ninety colonies, each of about 30,000 bees, from his orchard apiaries near Castle Morton to the Radnor hills. There he intended to take advantage of the current crop of heather.

He drove his truck sixty miles to the site he had chosen for the "liberation flight." When he arrived, Bradford found that an army exercise was in progress, and that the slopes were covered with troops, tanks and guns. He decided to go ahead, but after releasing a few colonies he was approached by an angry officer who ordered him to abandon the project and go elsewhere.

"I couldn't have that," says Bradford, a thickset, deliberate-speaking countryman of forty-eight. "Taking the bees to the heather is important for a good honey yield. I moved the truck into a deserted field and let them go in a mass. They were all in a bad temper after a bumpy ride and they made straight for the undergrowth where the troops were digging in. After about ten minutes of yells and shouts, the soldiers, the guns and even the tanks retired in disorder and I was able to finish the job in peace."

Bradford, the owner of three hundred colonies of bees with an estimated population of nine million, can afford little interference with his highly organized working routine. In a good year, working with his wife Patricia and one assistant, Bradford collects and processes between six and seven tons of honey, but unsuitable weather can cause a drastic reduction.

Cool, wet summers are his greatest adversary because, below a certain temperature, flowers do not secrete the nectar from which honey is produced.

A combination of three bad summers, beginning in 1952, reduced Bradford's 1954 crop to thirty hundredweights, and only shrewd planning kept him solvent until the balance was restored by the excellent summer of 1955. In the same period nearly fifty per cent of Britain's commercial apiarists went out of business, and today there are only between eighty and ninety operating in the United Kingdom.

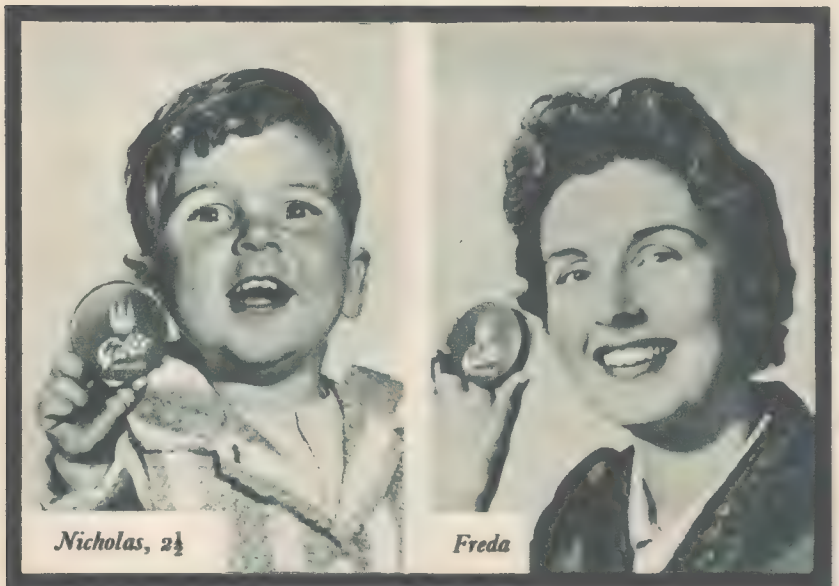
Diseases, carried by mites and bacilli, can cause the death of millions of bees. In spite of the close check which he keeps on all his hives, Bradford lost ninety colonies in one year to a breeding disease which he was unable to detect in time. Although cures are possible, he usually cuts his losses by destroying hives when disease breaks out, first gassing the bees with petrol fumes and then burning the whole hive.

Although his overheads for transport are high, the necessity of reducing the risks from weather, crop failure and disease forces him to extend his apiaries over an area of more than 1,500 square miles round his headquarters and honey extracting plant at Castle Morton. He has his hives distributed through Herefordshire, Gloucestershire, Shropshire and Radnorshire, as well as his native Worcestershire, and needs a full week to make a complete tour.

A further reason for this dispersal lies in the bees' need for a wide variety of countryside over which to work, a factor which makes journeys of up to a hundred miles for "liberation flights" a commercial necessity. For a good blend of honey, Bradford requires nectar gathered from such different sources as clover, heather, hawthorn, sycamore, horse chestnut and all types of fruit trees.

The siting of his apiaries is important in this respect, but he has also to take into account altitude (five hundred feet above sea level is regarded as ideal), temperature, and the amount

The poison of stings does no harm to Bradford. At his hives in Castle Morton, Worcestershire, he wears little protection



Nicholas, 2½ *Freda*

"More families use

GIBBS

than any toothpaste"

LIKE THE *NORMAN WISDOMS*

Norman and little Jacqueline, 10 months

NORMAN WISDOM'S smile is loved by millions of stage, screen and TV fans. Norman, Freda and Nicholas use Gibbs for bright smiles and white, healthy teeth. Soon little Jacqueline will do the same! *Buy Gibbs today — with or without chlorophyll.*

GD/9/71/a

of shelter provided by hills, trees and hedges, as well as the quality of soil and herbage.

He frequently has to hire land to obtain a good site, but is sometimes paid by farmers, especially in fruit-growing areas, to keep his bees in the neighbourhood for pollination. Bradford has discovered, however, that whatever scientific analysis is applied to the siting of an apiary the last word rests with the bees themselves. "If the conditions do not suit them they become completely unmanageable and attack anyone who comes near," he says.

They have a particular dislike of draughts and unpleasant smells. One apiary, in an orchard, was producing well until the farmer decided to set up a pig sty close by. "As soon as the manure began to accumulate the bees in the hives nearest to the sty became evil-tempered and did little work," says Bradford. "When they were moved out of range of the smell they settled down as though nothing had happened."

Bradford is used to dealing with angry bees and is frequently stung fifty or more times a day without ill effect. Although he wears a smock and occasionally a veil and gloves when working his hives, bees get trapped in his clothing, and he has even been stung while asleep in bed. "The bees work themselves free and fly around, angry and lost, until they find something to sting."

He believes, like most bee keepers, that venom has a toning effect on the system. After an attack by a hive of bees, in which he is sometimes stung up to a hundred times, he experiences a lassitude lasting for a few hours, but the following day he has an opposite reaction.

Bradford's method of dealing with an attack surprises the uninitiated. Even if he is not wearing protective clothing he stands as close as possible to the disturbed hive. "The bees," he says, "emerge in a blind fury at speeds of up to twenty-five miles an hour. They have travelled yards before they get their bearings, and the safest place is near the take-off board."

But he has to take into account the fact that people in the neighbourhood of his hives are not, like him, immune to poison. Bradford is insured, through the British Bee-Keepers' Association, for more than £1,000 against the possibility of injury to others caused by his bees.

The precaution is vital. A few years ago one bee keeper's angry swarm flew into a field where a farmer was ploughing with a team of horses. The bees stung one of the animals to death and caused the other to bolt. A claim resulted in a settlement of more than £700. Sums as high as this are rare, but there are frequent claims against bee keepers for loss of working time and doctors' bills following stings.

LUCK—1

I am a great believer in luck, and I find the harder I work the more I have of it.

Stephen Leacock

The control of swarming is one of Bradford's hardest jobs during the summer months, as it makes constant examination of the hives a necessity. Swarms usually occur when more than one queen is likely to be in a hive. One of them, generally the elder, will then "abdicate" to find a new home, taking with her a swarm of worker bees. The process disrupts honey production and bee keepers are forced to keep a close eye on the queen cells throughout the swarming months.

Unlike most apiarists, Bradford allows his bees to swarm quite frequently—"it is their natural way of maintaining the population"—but keeps skilful control over the occurrence. When he sees that a swarm is imminent he moves the hive some distance away and puts a new one in its place. When the bees make their flight they return naturally to the site of their old hive and make their home in the new quarters.

The bees which Bradford employs are all of the English variety, drab brown insects with no markings, which he regards as hardier than the Continental and American species. Through years of experiment in breeding he now has his own strain, known as "the Bradford Strain," which he sells to bee keepers all over the country at a charge of up to £5 for a queen and a small colony of workers. The queen is by far the most important, for a good specimen lives three to four years and is capable of producing more than a million eggs.

He seeks, in his bees, a good working capacity and a long life-span. He is able to keep a simple check on longevity by placing a small dab of paint on selected bees from each hive.

As a professional Bradford is able to discount, logically, most of the superstitions and folk-lore attached to bee keeping. One amateur enthusiast claimed that his bees knew him, and for proof pointed to the fact that a number of them accompanied him to the bus stop every day and hovered round his head, although they ignored others in the queue. The explanation lay in the discovery that he wore his trilby hat, with a veil attached, while he attended to his hives, and sufficient honey had stuck to it to attract the bees.

Bradford is the fourth in his family, in direct line, to keep bees in Worcestershire. He had his own apiary when he was ten years old. It was then that he had his only ill effects from working with bees. After being attacked by an angry swarm he was unconscious for several hours and had to be revived with adrenalin injections.

He went into bee keeping as a commercial proposition in 1931 with a hundred colonies and expanded steadily, winning national and international prizes for honey and bee husbandry. Today he has a modern, electrically driven honey extraction and bottling plant which can process several hundred pounds of honey a day.

"At one time," he says, "to extract honey it was usual to kill the bees by burning sulphur beneath the hive, then crushing the combs and hanging the whole lot—hive, dead bees and crushed combs—in an old curtain for the honey to drain through."

Now the combs are removed without harming the bees, and are placed in an extractor which whirls them round at great speed and shakes the honey from them so that they are undamaged and can be used again.

The big demand for honey from shops and private buyers—the annual consumption in Britain is estimated at 30 million lb.—brings Bradford a yearly turnover of about £3,000, in spite of the competition of about 70,000 amateur bee keepers.

Much of his success is due to his encyclopaedic knowledge of bees and their habits. This was demonstrated last winter when, during a routine check on his hives, he discovered that two were missing from the orchard apiary at Castle Morton.

He reported the theft to the police, but several weeks went by with no result and he decided to begin his own investigation. After a long search he found, on a farm ten miles away, two hives which he was convinced were the missing pair. He made an excuse to look inside them and examine the propolis, the gluey substance exuded by trees with which the bees build up the cells of the hive.

What he discovered enabled Bradford to place incontrovertible evidence before the police, which resulted in the conviction of the thief and the return of the hives. In court he explained to the magistrates that the propolis in the hives was identical with that produced by the fruit trees in his orchard, and bore no relation to that found in the fir-clad hills around the accused man's farm.

The bench accepted his evidence, and fined the farmer £25. And Bradford was congratulated on his skilful detective work. THE END

The drinks are different

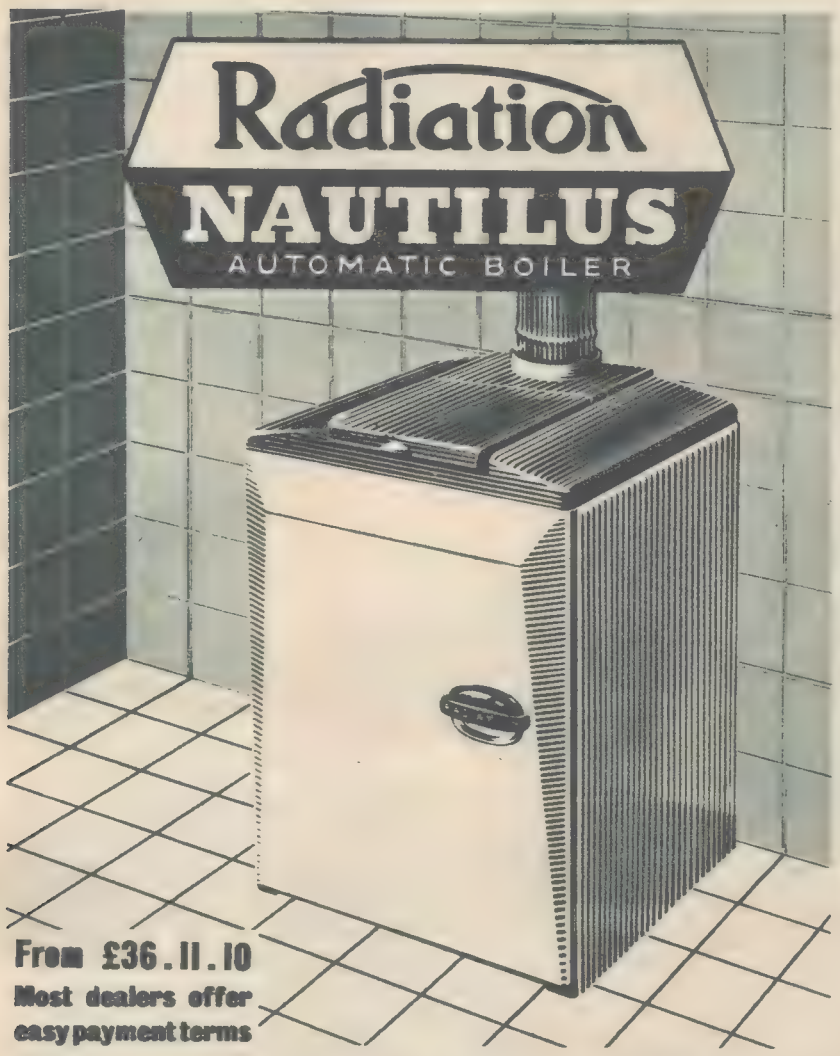
KIA-ORA SUNCRUSH

Made from the whole fruit

KIA-ORA Fruit Squash

Made from the juice of the fruit

the quality is the same



From £36.11.10
Most dealers offer easy payment terms

DESIGNED FOR LAZY HUSBANDS

The Nautilus automatic boiler practically looks after itself, and gives you one hot bath after another for the amazingly low cost of 1d. a time.

Inside the Nautilus is the most ingenious device ever built into a boiler —*crusher bars*. Only the Nautilus has them. With crusher bars, the fire need never go cold. What about raking it out? That's the point. With crusher bars, there's *nothing to rake*. Two or three turns of a lever, and everything that won't burn (including stones!) is ground into ash. And dropped into a pan which collects *all* the ashes. You can forget about raking the boiler and shovelling ash.

The Nautilus stands just under 2 feet 3 inches—the height to which a man or woman can naturally lift a coke hod without undue effort. What's more, this boiler comes up sparkling from the wipe of a cloth—it's made to stay clean, inside and out.

A variable thermostat watches fuel consumption like a miser and ensures hot water *always*, exactly at the temperature you want it. It gives you constant control over both your fuel bill and hot water output—enough hot water for baths and washing up, plus one or two radiators; or enough for a small central heating system. Send for the full details today!

Radiation

PIONEERS OF SMOKE REDUCTION

FILL IN THIS COUPON NOW

Please send me, without obligation, full details of the Nautilus 55

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

.....

Post in an unsealed envelope (1½d. stamp) to:

RADIATION GROUP SALES LIMITED, PARK FOUNDRY, BELPER, NR. DERBY

NS/JB

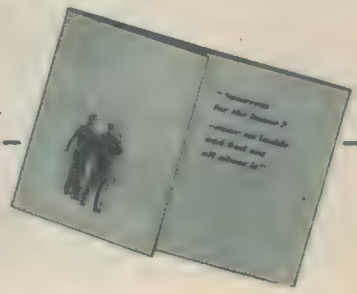
"That's right, madam— there's nothing like Snowcem for brightening up the house"

Decorating this year? Then you'll need Snowcem—the waterproof cement-paint which does not flake, peel or rub off—whatever the weather.
A 7 lb. tin costing 8/– makes a gallon of paint. 56 lb. costing 40/– goes a long way to decorating a house of average size.

SNOWCEM

WATERPROOF CEMENT PAINT

Decoration
PLUS protection at
***LOW* cost**



CMC

For free booklet and shade card, please send this coupon to Snowcem Service, 14, Tothill Street, London, S.W.1

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

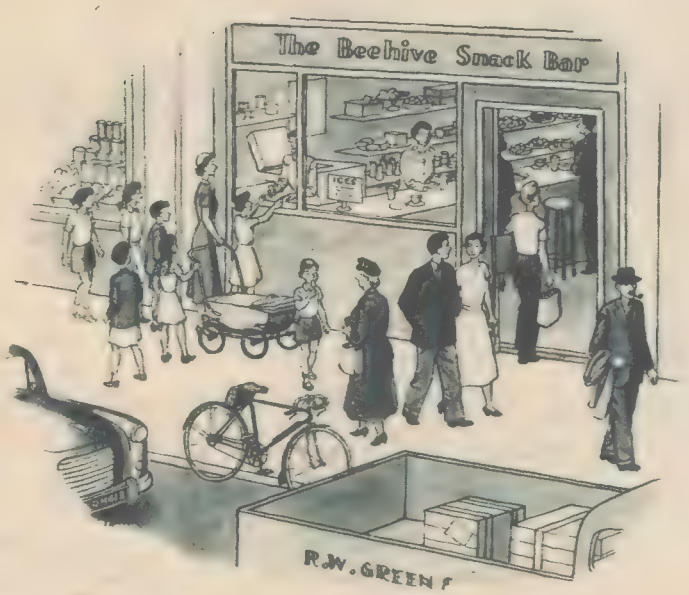
.....

BRITISH CEMENT IS THE CHEAPEST IN THE WORLD

M.7947

Spot the Lawbreaker

Somewhere in this scene, the law is being broken. Can you see where? A barrister gives the answer on page 37



DRAWN BY RONALD LAMPITT

Night patrol

Continued from page 21

side and backed until he was in a position to cover both Foy and Leigh.

"Keep behind me, lassie!" Foy said.

Over the sergeant's thick shoulder, Leigh saw Mary staring at him with dark, fearful eyes. He tried to grin back encouragingly.

"Now I'll give you one chance, you wicked young felon," Foy said in a voice that was sweetly reasonable. "Put that gun down and come quietly—or I'll come and take it off you."

"One step, copper, and it's yer lot!"

"Right!" Foy said. The old pork-pie hat rammed squarely on his head threw his face into shadow, hiding any expression that was there. Deliberately, he took a pace towards Ferris; then another . . . another. . . .

Ferris backed until he was against the wall. He crouched there, and his breath whistled in the tense silence. Beads of sweat glistened on his face.

"Drop that gun!" Foy said. He took another ponderous stride forward. Leigh watched in frozen fascination.

The gun wavered and Ferris crouched lower. The left side of his face began moving in a spasmodic, nervous twitch. "Keep off, copper!" he snarled. "So help me God, I'll blast yer!"

Foy was within a yard of the gun muzzle now. He moved again and Leigh cried an involuntary warning as he saw Ferris close his eyes and snatch at the trigger. Foy jumped forward and his bulk slammed the youth against the wall. Then Foy had twisted the gun away and Leigh saw him drop it in his pocket while one massive arm jammed Ferris helplessly against the wall.

"Bad wee rascal!" the sergeant said reprovingly.

He whirled Ferris round and wrenched one arm up his back. The youth let out a yell of pain. "Aye, you might well holler!" Foy said. He looked across at Leigh. "How are you, laddie?"

"I'm all right, skipper," Leigh said. He swallowed dryly and clambered to his feet.

"Clouted you on the head, did he?" the sergeant said. "Mary, you'd better take a look at that lump."

"It's nothing," Leigh said, but he allowed Mary to take his arm and lead him to a chair.

"I'll put a cold compress on it for now," she said, touching the bruise gently with cool fingers.

Leigh looked at her and smiled sheepishly. "How did you get in?" he asked.

"I gave Mary a heave through that fanlight and she opened the doors," Foy said. "We guessed you'd decide to stay."

"I'm sorry, skipper," Leigh said penitently.

If Foy put him on a report it would be no more than he deserved. He wondered how he had ever come to misjudge the sergeant so completely.

"I'd have mebbe done the same myself twenty years ago," the sergeant said.

He glanced thoughtfully at his wriggling captive. "While Mary's fixing that head of yours, I think I'll run this young fellow down to the nick," he said. He pushed Ferris towards the door and paused to take a torch from his pocket. "I'll be back in a few minutes."

"Skipper," Leigh said awkwardly. He paused and his face reddened, and he went on with a rush. "You deserve the George Medal for tonight's show."

"Och away!" Foy chuckled. "I'm no' so brave—the young knucklehead had left the safety-catch on. I spotted it at once." He grinned broadly at the expression on Leigh's face and added, "It's as I keep telling you, laddie—you must watch for the wee things in this game."

He went out, pushing Ferris ahead of him, and Leigh turned to see Mary approaching with a bowl of water and a towel. He looked at her fondly. "It's a good job I had you and Andy to pull my chestnuts from the fire," he said.

"You've cost me sixpence!" Mary said severely. "Andy Foy bet me that if you found a window open you'd go in."

"Did he?" Leigh said. "What did he say?"

Mary bent and kissed him on the forehead. In a remarkably good imitation of the sergeant's voice she said: "That laddie'll make a fine policeman—once he realizes that Rome wasna built in a day."

THE END

In our house . . .

we always have

Ricory

A hot cup of Ricory makes the perfect coffee time break—delicious, heartening, *completely satisfying*. The secret of its grand flavour lies in skilled blending of fine coffees and chicory. Ricory is a real economy too. A spoonful to a breakfast cup is all you need. Pour on hot water, add milk and sugar to taste and—in a flash—your Ricory is ready.

Ricory is a soluble coffee and chicory product composed of the soluble solids from coffee and chicory, powdered with added dextrins, maltose and dextrose.

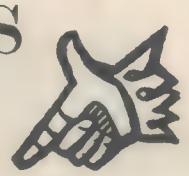
The medium size tin costs only **2/6**

You must try Ricory

NESTLÉ'S QUICK COFFEE AND CHICORY DRINK

R17

Check these warning signs of "nerves"



When you're taking it easy in your favourite chair, are your hands relaxed or tense? ☐

After a busy day, do you often suffer from nervous indigestion? ☐

Do you ever go to bed, "dog-tired", then find you toss and turn, can't sleep? ☐

Do you worry over trifles? Feel you can't cope with a normal day's work? ☐

Are you often short tempered, impatient, at home or at work? ☐

Faced with a decision, do you find it hard to concentrate, or to make up your mind? ☐

If you suffer constantly from any of the above

your nerves need Sanatogen

As your doctor will tell you, undue anxiety, lack of energy, and irritability are often much more than passing moods. Quite frequently, they are directly due to nervous debility.

Whenever you experience periods of nervous tension (when you are overworked, worried and tense), an exceptionally high demand is made on nervous energy, which in turn, reacts on the nerve cells.

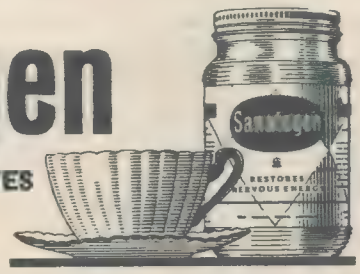
The efficient working of your nervous system depends upon the activity of these nerve cells. Unless they receive enough nutrients they "starve", retarding the normal growth of nervous tissue. To restore their health, they must be replenished with supplies of essential protein and phosphorus.

Sanatogen is specially formulated to supply weakened nerve cells with this vital nourishment. By its vigorous tonic action on both body and nervous tissue, Sanatogen helps to strengthen and revitalise your nervous system, and to restore you to full mental energy and physical well-being.

Sanatogen is recommended by members of the medical profession. It is of benefit in all forms of nervous tension —excessive worrying, depression, sleeplessness (of nervous origin), irritability, lack of energy, continual tiredness and general "run-down" conditions.

Sanatogen

STRENGTHENS YOUR NERVES



From 7/6

The word 'Sanatogen' is a registered trade mark of Genatosan Ltd., Loughborough, Leics.

"The judge meant anyone *else*. It's all right to discuss the case with *us*, Mrs. Spencer"

Through the tunnel

Continued from page 11

to stay under the water easily, without strain, until he could count a hundred and fifty. . . .

He sat by the clock in the villa when his mother was not near, and checked his time. He was incredulous, and then proud, to find he could hold his breath without strain for two minutes. Why, surely he could pass through the hole under the rock in that time? The words, two minutes, authorized by the clock, brought the adventure close. The next day, or the one after, he would attempt it.

Over a week had gone. In another four days, so his mother said casually, but with apology in her voice for bringing his pleasure to an end, they must go home. On the day before they left, he would do it. He would do it if it killed him, he said defiantly to himself, hearing the last words in his deepest self. He must. . . .

But on the second day before they left, a day of triumph when he increased his count—and a slow count—by fifteen, his nose bled so badly that he turned dizzy, and had to lie limply over the big rock like a bit of seaweed. He was frightened. Supposing he turned dizzy in that deep black tunnel? Supposing he died there, trapped?

His head went round in the hot sun, and he almost gave up. He would return now to the house and lie down; and next summer perhaps, when he had another year's growth in him, next year, then he would go through the hole.

But even when he had made the decision, or thought he had, he found himself sitting up on the rock in the hot sun, and looking down into the water; and he knew that now, this moment, when his nose had only just stopped bleeding, when his head was still sore and throbbing—this was the moment that he would try.

He looked at the great shelf of rock opposite, and thought that under it the tunnel went—but he did not know how. Even in the open sunlight, it seemed very wide, and very heavy; tons of rock pressed down on where he would go. If he died there, he would be pinned under it. There he would lie until one day, perhaps not till next year, those big boys would swim through and find it blocked.

He picked up his face mask, found the glass clouded over, dipped it into the water, swilled it clean, fitted it tight, tested the seal. His hands were shaking. Then he chose the biggest rock he could carry from the shore, staggered with it to the edge, and slipped over so that half of him was in the cool enclosing water, and half in the hot sun. He looked up at the empty sky, filled his lungs once, twice, and then sank fast to the bottom with the stone.

At once he let it go, and took the edges of the hole between his hands, drew himself into it, kicking himself hard along with his feet. He was all inside.

He was in a small rock-bound hole filled with yellowish-grey water. The water was pushing him up against the roof—the roof was sharp and pained his back. He pulled himself along with his hands, fast, fast, and used his legs as levers. His head knocked against something; a sharp pain dizzied him.

Fifty, fifty-one, fifty-two . . . black, black, he was without light, and the water seemed to press upon him with the weight of the rock. He felt as if he were hardly moving.

Seventy, seventy-one, seventy-two. There was no strain on his lungs. He felt like an inflated balloon, his lungs were so light and easy. But his head was pulsing.

Eighty-seven, eighty-eight. . . .

He was being continually pressed against the sharp roof. It also felt slimy. Again he thought of an octopus, and that the tunnel might be filled with weed that could entangle him. He gave himself a panicky convulsive kick forward and his legs struck nothing.

Unconsciously, he ducked his head and swam. His feet and hands moved freely as if in open water. The hole must have widened out. He must be swimming fast; he was frightened of banging his head against the tunnel if it narrowed. He swam strongly.

A hundred, a hundred and one. The water was paling; he was through—he had swum through the hole. Victory filled him. His lungs were beginning to hurt—he must be taking much longer than he expected; a few more strokes, and he would be out. He was counting wildly. He heard himself say a hundred and fifteen, and then, a long time later, a hundred and fifteen again. Panic surged up—he pressed it down. The water was a clear jewel green all around him. The end must be here.

And then he saw, above his head, a crack running up through the rock to the light; sunlight was falling through it into the water, showing the tunnel of clean dark rock, a single mussel shell gleaming dark and polished, and darkness ahead.

He must swim on, now, when he was nearly at the end of what he could do. He *was* at the end. He struggled a moment, against the desperate need to breathe. He looked up at the crack as if it were filled with air and not water, as if he would put his mouth to it to draw in air. *A hundred and fifteen,* he heard himself say inside his head. But he had said that minutes ago. . . . He must go on into the blackness ahead or he would drown. . . .

His head was swelling, his lungs cracking. He clutched his limbs back into control out of panic, and went on into the black.

A hundred and fifteen, a hundred and fifteen pounded through his head, and he feebly clutched at rocks in the dark, pulling himself forward, leaving the

brief space of sunlit water behind. He felt he was dying.

A hundred and fifteen, he heard himself say; and a nausea at this parrot-sound pushed him on into a hundred and sixteen, a hundred and seventeen. He was no longer quite conscious. He struggled on in the darkness in between long lapses into unconsciousness. He would die now, and he would never reach the air.

An immense swelling pain filled his head, and the darkness cracked with an explosion of green light. His hands, groping forwards, met nothing; his feet, kicking back, propelled him out into the open sea at the other side of the rock. He drifted up to the surface; his face turned up to the air, he let the air go out of him.

He was gasping like a fish in the air. He felt he would sink now and drown; he could not swim the few feet to the rock. . . .

And then he was clutching the rock, pulling himself up on to it. He lay face down, gasping. He could not see. His eyes saw nothing but a red-veined, clotting dark. His eyes must have burst, he thought. And then he tore off his face mask and a gout of blood went into the sea. His nose was bleeding, and the blood had filled the mask.

AFTER a time, his heart quietened, his eyes cleared, and he sat up. He could see the local boys diving and playing off a rock half a mile away. He did not want them. He wanted nothing but to get back home and lie down.

He climbed slowly up the path to the villa, and flung himself on the bed and slept.

He woke at the sound of feet on the path outside. His mother was coming back. He rushed to the bathroom—it was impossible for her to see his face with bloodstains, or tear-stains. He came out of the bathroom as she came in, smiling, her eyes lighting up with the smile.

"Have a nice morning?" she asked, laying her hand a moment on his warm brown shoulder.

"Oh yes, thank you."

"You look a bit pale." And then, sharp and anxious: "How did you bang your head?"

"Oh, just banged it."

She looked at him closely: he was strained; his eyes were glazed-looking; she was worried. And then she said to herself: *Oh, don't fuss, nothing can happen, he can swim like a fish.*

They sat down to lunch together.

"Mummy, I can stay under water for two minutes—three minutes at least," he said. It came bursting out of him.

"Can you darling? Well, I shouldn't overdo it. I don't think you ought to do any more today."

She was ready for a battle of wills; but he gave in at once. It was no longer of the least importance to go to the bay. THE END

Spot the Lawbreaker

See page 35

IF a crowd gathers outside a shop when business is being carried on normally, no offence is committed. But, says a barrister-at-law, the High Court once held that selling ice cream to customers on the pavement was not "the normal way." Customers could be served just as easily in the shop and to do otherwise meant obstructing the footway—an offence.

Slimness brings you the best in life

To look at her is to envy her — beautiful, happy, confident. And yet has she anything *you* couldn't have? What about her slimness, to start with? Certainly *that* is within your reach (we'll tell you how in a moment). And what a starting-point slimness is! With it self-confidence begins. You're attractive. You're admired. The world starts going your way.

A slim figure is you looking your best, feeling your best, as nature meant you to. The right number of pounds for *you*, and in the right places.

How do you get that way? Exercises. Diets. And—Ryvita. Hard work? No, not at all. Exercises these days are fun. Diets are pleasant. And Ryvita—the delicious crunchy crispbread—is the best friend a girl bent on slimming ever could have. Buy Ryvita today. Your days of slimness are just round the corner.

Dress by Fortuna & Mason

RYVITA

makes you fit – keeps you slim

HERE COMES

YOUR FAVOURITE

WRIGLEY

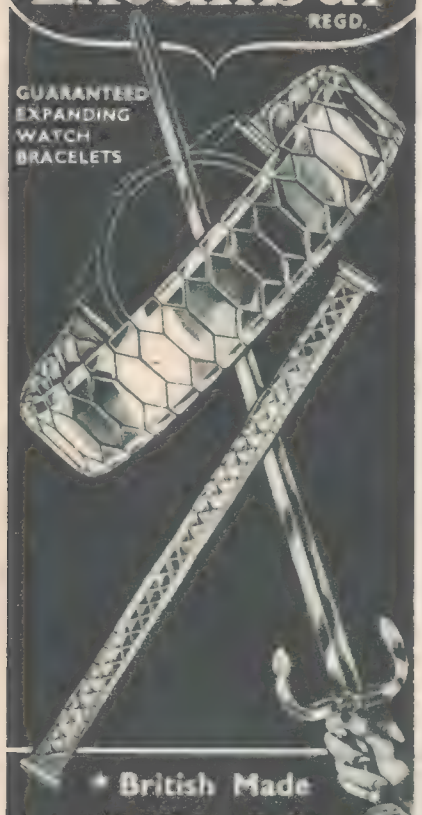
FLAVOUR

For happy chewing enjoy ➤ARROWMINT➤ Chewing Gum. It's your favourite Wrigley flavour with the new ➤ARROWMINT➤ name. Get some packets today!

PER 2d PACKET

EP 69/56

Excalibur
REGD.



* British Made
* In 9ct. Gold, Rolled Gold or Stainless Steel
* For every style of watch
* Flexibility and Comfort

From all Jewellers & Watchmakers.

Beyond the black stump

Continued from page 30

people in your family. You don't mind me telling you?"

"Of course not!" The girl bit her lip, and walked on for a moment in silence. "I realized afterwards that I'd done the wrong thing in mentioning them," she said. "It was silly of me. But Helen was so upset."

"What was she upset about?" asked Ruth.

The girl walked on in silence, wondering miserably how she could get out of that one. "Nothing that mattered," she said at last.

"That's a funny thing to get upset about," Ruth said. "You better come clean, honey. Was it anything to do with me?"

They walked in silence for a moment. "If you must know," the girl said at last, "it was about Tony."

"You met Tony this morning?"

Molly nodded. "He's a nice kid, Mrs. Sheraton. I liked him."

"You might start calling me Ruth, honey. You notice anything about him?"

The girl smiled. "Well, of course I did. Stan told me of the trouble you all got into."

"What did Stan tell you about Tony? I never knew what Stan thought about it, 'n' not so much of what Chuck thought, either."

"Stan told me he was never sure if Tony was his son or Chuck's," she said. She broke into a smile. "As if one couldn't tell by looking at him!"

Ruth nodded. "It's got to be a lot more noticeable these last few years. . . ." They strolled on for a few minutes in silence. "I guess we were real wicked in those days," she went on presently. "Wicked and crazy. We thought that we were smart."

The girl said: "I don't want you to think that I'm upset about it." She stopped and looked Ruth squarely in the eyes. "I really do mean that. This is the sort of thing that happens all the time at home. Or it used to. I tried to make Helen understand, but I only made more trouble."

"Was that about coloured folks?"

The girl nodded. "We live in the outback," she said. "We live three hundred miles from the nearest town, and that's only got two stores, two hotels, and an airstrip. Our property is just under a million acres—that's about fifteen hundred square miles. The priest comes to see us once a year. Things are different in that kind of place to what they would be over here.

"When your first tough guys broke through the Rockies from the East and found this lovely place, they married Indian girls. It's part of the frontier legend. Well, the frontier's moved on. Our country is the frontier now. But when I told Helen this morning that I'd got a lot of half-caste brothers and sisters she nearly threw a fit."

"Have you explained it to her, honey—like you have to me? About the Indian girls, and like that?"

The girl shook her head, depressed. "I don't think that she'd ever understand. Anyway, that doesn't matter. What I was trying to explain is that I don't mind about Tony—not a bit. Where I come from things are different. We get a good few illegitimacies, both white and black. I'm one myself, for that matter.

"You are?"

The girl nodded defiantly. "Yes, I am! So what?"

Ruth looked at her, laughing. "Does Helen Laird know that?"

"Not unless Stan's told her. He knows, of course."

"I bet she doesn't. Say, have you got any cupboard hasn't got a skeleton in it? Just one teeny-weeny one?"

"I shouldn't think so," Molly said.

They walked on slowly till they came to the mailbox; the girl dropped her letter into it. She turned and faced Ruth. "Your tough men and women who broke through the mountain chains and found this country. Do you think they all went back to the small towns they came from in the Eastern States and settled down to live there happily?"

Ruth wrinkled her brows in perplexity. "Why, no—why should they? They had opportunity here, 'n' everything. Guess they'd have died of boredom back in those small eastern towns, after the Oregon Trail."

The girl nodded. "That's what I was thinking. Shall I come along in the morning for the diapers?"

"Don't make a thing of it. But if you're doing nothing else, I'd certainly appreciate it, honey."

The girl turned back to the Laird home. "I'll be round. Goodbye."

"'Bye now." Ruth walked on towards her new cottage somewhat puzzled. Stan certainly had got himself a strange kind of a girl out in Australia. Real nice, she was, but mighty strange. You never knew what she was going to say next. . . .

Molly walked back through the quiet, shaded streets, deep in thought. She had been shaken that morning by Helen's reaction to the news that she had coloured half-brothers and sisters. She had never asked Stan what he had told his parents about her background in Australia; she now knew that he had told them very little. No doubt that was from consideration for her, but it wouldn't work.

Some day his parents must learn all about her whether they approved or not; she did not feel she could go on in Hazel under false pretences. Stan would have to understand that; if she married him she would do so candidly and honestly, with nothing concealed. After all, she had done nothing to be ashamed of, nor was she ashamed of anyone on Laragh Station. . . .

That evening they sat watching a Western on television after supper. The hero, a Federal agent sent in disguise to root out a gang of cattle rustlers, appeared in the small cattle town as a bank robber with a price of five thousand dollars on his head, dead or alive.

Switching off before the commercial and switching on the lights, Mr. Laird said comfortably: "I thought that was a real nice show."

Stan laughed, and said: "There's something about a Western. It's the horses, or somethin'. However much you can't believe in it, it gets you just the same."

Mr. Laird laughed, and said: "I guess it must be pretty unnerving to see your own picture stuck up all over town, five thousand reward, dead or alive."

Molly said casually, "My father had a price on his head once. Just like that."

Stan coloured, and said nothing.

Mr. Laird said: "You say your father did?" He laughed.

She nodded. "Daddy and Uncle Tom both had a price on their heads. They were gunmen, you know—members of the Irish Republican Army, in the Troubles. Daddy's always been a bit sore because Uncle Tom's price was bigger than his—a thousand pounds for Uncle Tom and only five hundred for Daddy. There were pictures of them outside every police station in Southern Ireland, just like that. Dead or alive."

Mr. Laird stared at her, the smile fading a little from his face. "Did the cops get them?"

She shook her head. "They got away to Australia. It was quite a long time ago, of course—about 1921. But they talk about it still, and how it felt to see the posters."

Helen Laird said: "But what did they do, Molly? They didn't shoot people?"

The girl said: "Oh, yes, they shot a lot of people. Black and Tans and British soldiers. It was in the rebellion, you know. Just like a war, only nobody called it a war."

Mr. Laird moistened his lips, and forced a smile. "Was the price ever taken off? The price on their heads?"

The girl wrinkled her brows. "I really don't know," she said. "I don't know if they'd still be in trouble if they went back to Ireland. They won't ever go, of course."

Stan interposed quickly: "I guess it takes a long time for the feelings a war raises to cool down."

Helen Laird said: "That's right. Well, I'm going to bed. That was a real nice picture, Dad. I liked it a lot." And the tension passed.

Next morning Molly walked round to the Eberhart home, chatted for a time with Ruth, and brought back the sack of dirty diapers and put them through the washing machine. The men came back to dinner as was their habit, and after the meal Stan said to Molly: "I got to go over to Enterprise this afternoon. You like to come along for the ride, honey? It's real pretty country out that way, 'n' I won't be more'n a few minutes there."

She said: "I'd love to, Stan."

When they were ten miles from the town and driving up on the foothills of the Wallowa range, Stanton slowed the

Your garden and mine

by PERCY THROWER

BOOSTING THE BEANS

I HAVE found that the secret of obtaining exhibition-size runner beans is to take action when the pods are only about five inches in length.

Feel along the pods and lightly squeeze each bean—there are five or more inside most pods—until it gives a click. This means that the bean has been burst and its growth halted. The bean will no longer need nourishment.

From then on, the bean plants, which are among the easiest and most rewarding vegetables to cultivate will concentrate their energies on growing the pods, which should reach 1 ft. 6 in., or even 2 ft. in length.

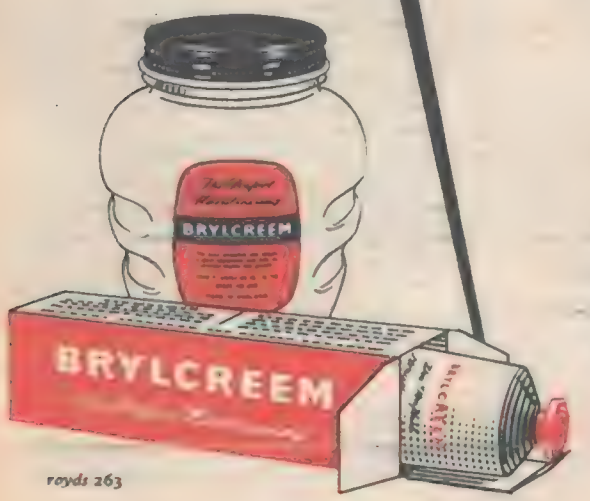
They are quite as tasty, too, as beans which have been allowed to mature normally.

Readers are invited to send their own original, practical and topical gardening hints to Percy Thrower. Every week, starting with next week's issue, dated April 28, JOHN BULL *will publish a hint which he has chosen, together with his expert comments. Five guineas will be paid to the reader who has sent it. Address your hint to Percy Thrower, Your Garden And Mine,* JOHN BULL, *189 High Holborn, London, W.C.1. No entry can be returned unless a stamped, self-addressed envelope is enclosed.*

LUCK—2

What evil luck soever
For me remains in store,
'Tis sure much finer fellows
Have fared much worse before.

A. E. Housman



BRYLCREEM

—all your hair needs for health and appearance

There's no substitute for Brylcreem, the world's largest-selling hairdressing. It gives day-long smartness and lasting hair health without excessive oiliness. No wonder Brylcreem is preferred by sportsmen in the public eye. Give *your* hair the benefit of Brylcreem. Available in tubs 1/10½, 2/10 and 5/- ; also handy tubes 2/10.

THE PERFECT HAIRDRESSING

royds 263

BIG DOG or LITTLE

RED HEART is RIGHT!

Red Heart is a correctly balanced diet rich in lean meat, fresh liver and cod liver oil—ready to serve straight from the tin. Give your dog the food he really needs and enjoys, RED HEART!

CVS-62

The RIGHT feed for EVERY breed

FREE—*Six picture cards of 'Red Heart' dogs. (1st or 2nd series) in exchange for 6 Red Heart labels per set. Send labels with your name and address in block letters, stating which series you require, and mark your envelope "dog pictures".*

There's also 'Red Heart' CAT FOOD

JOHN MORRELL & COMPANY LTD. DEPT. J.B., VICTORIA ST., LIVERPOOL 1

FOR WORK
FOR LEISURE
FOR SPORT

You'd be better off on a bike!

'FIREFLY' De Luxe

especially if it's a

Royal Enfield

.. there's a model for every rider's needs!

Send for Catalogue to:

THE ENFIELD CYCLE CO. LTD., REDDITCH

Why do so many Doctors use one particular soap?

HAVE you ever wondered why so many Doctors in their own surgeries always use Wright's Coal Tar Soap to wash their hands?

It's not as if Wright's was a Medicated Soap.

The reason is that they have found Wright's keeps their hands softer, more sensitive and, of course, completely germ-free.

If Wright's can do this for Doctors, what can it do for you and your children?

Wright's Coal Tar Soap is the kindest toilet soap of all. It is kind to your skin; kind to your complexion, kind to your children—and so refreshing to use.

WRIGHT'S
COAL TAR
TOILET SOAP

The Golden Tablet in Bath and Toilet sizes

car, and said: "Mind if I say somethin', Molly?"

She said: "Of course not, Stan."

He stopped on the crest of a rise, with a view out over the wide, undulating, parklike countryside.

"It's nothin' very much," he said. "Maybe you want to be a bit more careful what you say in front of folks."

"What about?"

"About your coloured half-brothers and like that. And now it's that your father was a gunman once."

She nodded sadly. "I did it on purpose, Stan."

He stared at her. "On purpose?"

"Not the first time," she said. "That sort of slipped out, when I was talking to your mother about Tony. But afterwards, Ruth told me that I'd made a great mistake in telling them I'd got coloured relatives in my family, and then we got to talking about things. She's awfully nice, Stan."

He smiled at her. "What did you talk about?"

"All sorts of things." She paused. "About me being illegitimate, for one thing."

"You didn't have to tell her about that, hon."

"I'm not ashamed of it," she said. "It's just one of those things you can't do anything about, and so it's no good worrying." She paused. "Ruth asked if your mother knew that, and I said, not unless you told her. You haven't told her, have you?"

He shook his head. "No."

"She's got to know sometime, Stan. About that and all sorts of other things."

"Why, honey? Why can't you just leave that be?"

She turned in her seat to face him. "It'd be deceiving her, and that's not the right thing to do. Not when she's been so kind to me. And besides that, Stan—it'd all come out one day."

He said: "I don't see how it could ever come out."

"It's bound to," she said. "If we marry, Stan, you're marrying into a family from the Lunatic. You can't prevent your folks from meeting my father and mother, if ever they come here to see me."

She paused. "When my father comes here, Stan," she said mercilessly, "what will you do? Get in a couple of cases of overproof rum and entertain him at home, or take him down to Skid Row?"

There was a long silence. He could not think of anything to say.

She sat looking out over the wide, smiling countryside, the undulating hills dotted with fir woods, the backdrop of the high mountains. "This place was first settled by tough pioneers, by people just like Daddy and Mummy, and Uncle Tom, and the Judge. Your people married Indian girls when there weren't any white women, just like us. I bet your first schoolmasters were people like the Judge. But that's all a hundred years ago, and you've forgotten all the rude stuff.

"If you could meet one of those people now, if one of them could come to Hazel, you wouldn't want to have him in your house, or introduce him to your friends. And if it was a girl, you wouldn't want to marry her." She paused. "I'm a kind of Rip van Winkle, Stan, that's come here from the Hazel of a hundred years ago, out of the past."

He stirred uneasily. "That's kind of exaggerating things," he said. "There's a few adjustments to be made, hon, but there always are when people from another country marry."

She nodded. "I know. But before we think of marrying, Stan, your people must know all about me. Your mother really ought to come and stay at Laragh for a time."

He recoiled from the idea. "Gee, honey, that wouldn't do!"

There was a long pause. "I know," she said at last. "You can't put back the clock a hundred years."

THEY sat in silence in the car together. The wide bitumen road stretched ahead of them over hills and valleys dotted with dark woods of conifers, a smiling gracious country, one of the loveliest countrysides in the whole world. They sat in silence for over ten minutes, till the girl stirred. "I'm not going to marry you, Stan," she said quietly.

He took her hand. "Why, honey?"

"It wouldn't work," she said. "There's too much between us. You know it just as well as I do, if you're honest with yourself. I like you terribly, but if I married you we'd both be unhappy. I don't think I could

stand it here, Stan, for one thing. It's not that I don't like Hazel. It's a lovely little town, and a kind one. It's got everything a normal girl could want for making a home in. But I suppose I'm not a normal girl, myself. I think it would just kill me to live here."

"Tell me why," he said gently. "I want to understand."

"Everything's been done here, for one thing," she said slowly. "Where I come from, everything is still to do. I'd like to go back and have a hand in doing it."

"I see that," he said. "Sometimes I kind of feel that way myself."

They sat in silence for a little while. "I'm not going to marry you, Stan," she said at last. "That's definite, because it simply wouldn't work. I'm going back home to the Lunatic. I'll never regret coming here with you, and seeing all this. If you'll have me, I'd like to come back for a visit now and then. But I'm not going to marry you."

He said: "You don't want to decide a thing like that so quickly, hon. Let's take a little time, 'n' think it over."

She shook her head. "I've been thinking it over, without knowing it, for quite a time. I shan't change my mind." She paused, and then she said: "I think you ought to marry Ruth one day, after I've gone away and all this has died down. I think that's the right thing for you to do. And I believe you know it yourself."

They sat in silence for several minutes, staring at the sunlit road ahead of them.

Then he turned to her, smiling. "I guess when a guy's girl starts cracking up another woman, then it's kind of final."

She nodded, but there were tears in her eyes.

"I guess this is it, Stan," she said. A tear escaped, and rolled down her cheek.

He drew her to him, and wiped it away with his handkerchief. "I'd say we better think this over a bit longer," he said gently.

She withdrew from him.

"I don't know why I'm crying," she said. "It's just silliness. Go on and drive me somewhere, Stan. Go on to Enterprise."

She had recovered her composure by the time they got to the small town. She got out and walked around while he went into the sub-agent's garage. By the time he rejoined her she was herself again.

"I don't want to talk to anyone this evening, Stan," she said. "I'd rather get a good night's sleep before I do. Tomorrow I'll tell your mother that I'm going home, and I think I'd like to tell Ruth, too—tell her myself. Would you start seeing about airline reservations for me in the morning?"

He said: "If that's really how you want it, hon. But maybe you'll feel better in the morning. About everything."

They got into the car and went home, rather silently. . . .

The diapers upon the line were dry; she went out into the garden in the evening light and took them round to Ruth. She walked back in the gloaming through the decent, prosperous streets of the small town, sad that she could never be a part of it, glad to be getting out of it and going home to her own place.

Hazel had been a dream-world to look forward to; the reality had proved quite equal to the dream, though the reality was not for her. But nobody could take away the dream, the

---

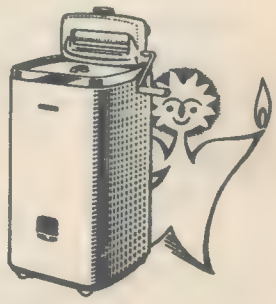
LUCK—3

It often amuses me to hear men impute all their misfortunes to fate, luck or destiny, whilst their successes or good fortune they ascribe to their own sagacity, cleverness or penetration.

Coleridge

. . . how often have I said that you are always irritable on Mondays after a hard day's wash? It is so unnecessary when a gas washing machine will do it all for you in an hour or so. They tell me there are new gas/electric washing machines that are the last word. The water is boiled by gas and there is gentle yet highly efficient agitation of the clothes. Why don't you go and choose one?"

Call at your gas showroom and see the various models available. You can buy one for a few shillings a week.



GAS—to be sure

THE GAS INDUSTRY MAKES THE BEST USE OF THE NATION'S COAL

Issued by the Gas Council

THE *Super 60*

IS THE SUPREME SHAVING INSTRUMENT OF ALL TIME

This is the multiple head of the "Super 60," set on an exclusive contour principle to reach all the curves of your face when shaving. The whole of this effective shaving surface is continuously in full contact at skin level, ensuring the closest, smoothest and fastest performance.

You would need a razor blade 1½ feet long to cover the same area as this superb new model!

Tough beard? The "Super 60" can easily shave a stiff bristled brush. *Tender Skin?* The "Super 60" can shave the fuzz off a peach—without damaging its skin.

See the many other advantages at your local stockist — NOW.

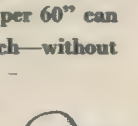
The REMINGTON SUPER 60

Triple Volt Model
110-240v AC/DC

Regular Model
210-240v AC/DC

Fully guaranteed and suppressed for radio and TV

AVAILABLE ON EASY TERMS



REMINGTON

Super 60

Over 15,000,000 men enjoy Remington Shaving—WHY SHOULDN'T YOU?

DON'T RISK A NERVOUS BREAKDOWN

If you're headachy, cannot sleep soundly, or find you're growing irritable and easily depressed, your nerves are suffering from strain.

You need more Vitamin B, the element your nerves must have to grow sturdy and steady.

Try taking Phillips Tonic Yeast with your meals. Brewers' yeast is the richest natural source of the B Vitamins, and these little tablets are pure Brewers' yeast in concentrated form.

Start taking Phillips Tonic Yeast today. You will sleep better, be less easily upset, less worried and depressed, and your digestion will improve. But be sure to ask for 'Phillips' Tonic Yeast. It is simply pure yeast with all its cells intact and without any drugs or harmful ingredients.

At all Chemists, 1/9, 4/- and 6/6.

THORNS *for extra value!*

FAMOUS FOR 60 YEARS

GARDEN SHEDS
Span Roof or Pent Roof. Timber or Asbestos from £13.17.0.

EXTENSION LADDERS
from £3.10.0.

ALSO
GARAGES from £35.9.0
GREENHOUSES from £14.18.6

Ornamental Iron Gates and Railings

Single Gates from 79/6
Interwoven Fencing.
Rollers.

CASH or H.P. Terms up to 24 months
Write for FREE Catalogue (state item required)

J. THORN & SONS LTD.
(Dept. 5), Brampton Rd., Bexleyheath, Kent
BD 724

memory of this lovely little place. One day she would see it re-created in Australia. . . .

That night, Stanton settled heavily to work. There was one more geological report to be written as a result of his oil explorations in the Hamersley Range of Northern West Australia, and it seemed to him that this was the right time to make a start on it.

He got out his typewriter from its case and put a sheet of paper with a carbon into it. Then he typed the heading:

Report on geological strata around
Bore No. 407
Hamersley Range of West
Australia
Latitude 23 deg. 05 min. South
Longitude 118 deg. 51 min. East

He sat in thought for a moment, and then commenced to type:

The above bore was sunk to a depth of 11,063 feet before the work was abandoned in June, 1955. In the attached report the borehole itself is taken for the datum, and all distances and bearings are referred to that. For the exact location of the bore, the camp site should be located immediately to the west and below a prominent limestone bluff, the site being shown by numerous concrete slabs and hut foundations. Among these the septic tank will be evident. The borehole lies S.W. of the vent pipe at the southern end of the concrete septic tank, 167 feet, bearing 219 deg. true.

It was a little more than a year since they had pitched the first tent on that site, but how long ago it seemed! How Molly and her mother had admired the camp equipment when they drove over in the jeep from Laragh, on that first afternoon! The afternoon that they had frozen up some maple ice-cream for her specially. . . .

He moved to his drawing board and worked there for the best part of an hour. Then in the stillness of the night he moved back to the typewriter. By two in the morning he was writing:

On Plan C the borehole, the datum point, is indicated by the letter O. Attached to this report, Appendix 1, is a copy of the core record and analysis sheets of spoil brought up from this bore at the appropriate depths. It will be noticed that at a depth of 2,560 feet a layer of hard granite rock approximately fifteen feet thick was penetrated, clearly impervious to fluids. Reference to Plan C shows that this anhydrite layer corresponds very closely in depth to the primary reflecting bed revealed by the seismic survey, and is clearly identical with it.

He would never be able to forget Molly, nor forget the Lunatic that was her home. Too many of his standards had been changed by his time there.

Before he went there he could never have seen virtue in the hard-drinking old reprobate who was her father; by the time he left, he could see nothing else. The man who would drop everything to help a neighbour in a difficulty, who would help an inexperienced English boy by taking three thousand starving sheep on to his property for no more payment than a case of rum. The man who loved animals, who could tame even a kangaroo mouse. The kindest hopper in the world! The kindest hopper this side of the black stump!

A tear trickled slowly down his cheek. He brushed it aside, and went on with his work. He turned to the drawing-board again and made another sketch, and then back to the typewriter.

Plan I is an overall plan of the district to a scale of two miles to one inch, distances approximate as measured by jeep speedometer. Lines of geological section are shown upon the chain-dotted lines A—A¹ and B—B¹. The dotted line X—Y indicates the approximate location of the fence between the properties. Surface outcrops of rock corresponding in analysis to the primary anhydrite layer pierced by the bore O at 2,560 feet were observed at the points C, D, E, F and G shown on Plan I.

In all cases these were associated with extensive areas of limestone country beyond the outcrop, corresponding with the waterlogged limestone strata found at the bore between the two anhydrite layers. Barometric altitudes of these anhydrite outcrops are indicated on the plan, referred to the surface level of bore O as datum zero.

He was growing very tired now, tired enough to sleep in spite of everything, but it was nearly finished.

The water level at bore O was established on February 22, 1955, as —126 feet. On Plan I surface spot levels below —150 feet are indicated by the area hatched in brown, PQRST. Within this area bores sunk through the anhydrite rock might be expected to yield an artesian flow.

There was nothing more to say now, and his work was over. He signed his name at the bottom.

Stanton C. Laird,
Staff Geologist,
Topeka Exploration Inc.

Then he collected the sheets of his typescript and pinned them together, folded the many plans to foolscap size, and put the lot into a large manilla envelope.

It was nearly four in the morning and he was exhausted, too exhausted even to grieve.

He slept for about three hours, and then got up.

In the next room as he dressed he could hear Molly moving about. He waited till the sound of her steps told him she had got her shoes on, and then he took the envelope and went and tapped on her door.

She came to the door, dressed, but with her hair in disarray.

"Morning, Stan," she said. "I'm afraid you didn't sleep very well. I heard you typing in the small hours."

He smiled wearily. "You can't have slept so well yourself, either." He paused, and then he said: "You changed your mind, honey?"

She shook her head. "I'm afraid not, Stan. I don't think we could ever make it work."

He stood in silence for a moment at her door. "Mind if I ask you something, honey? Something real personal?"

"No," she said. "I'll answer it if I can."

"You going back to marry that English boy, David Cope?"

She stood in thought. "I can't answer that one. I just don't know. I shouldn't think he'd ever ask me again."

"He asked you once, did he?"

She nodded without speaking.

There was a pause, and then he said awkwardly: "You know somethin'? I got a wedding present for you, or a kinda dowry." He put the envelope into her hands.

"That's very sweet of you," she said, wondering. "What is it, Stan?"

He stood for a moment thinking of the low, undulating hills nine thousand miles away, the rocky outcrops on the rose-red earth, the waterless river beds, the thin, parched bush in the valleys, the blazing, cloudless sky.

"It's water," he said. "Skads and skads of it, under Lucinda Station. Clear cool water."

THE END

Abridged from the novel, "Beyond The Black Stump," by Nevil Shute, to be published on April 30, by Heinemann, at 15s.

LUCK—4

Luck affects everything; let your hook always be cast; in the stream where you least expect it, there will be a fish.

Ovid

This is *my* life

Continued from page 25

that this was all part of my extra-mural education whereas in fact I was lost in the novelty of being able to switch around six television stations.

I kept in touch with the New York office of the B.B.C. and when I left for San Francisco a few days before the fight the arrangements were still not watertight. Only one line was available from San Francisco to New York, the radio relay link for Britain, and this meant that we would have no studio talk-back and would therefore have to do the commentary in the dark, without knowing if it was being received.

In San Francisco, I made myself known to the broadcasting contacts and spent most of the time buzzing between the Cockell and Marciano camps. The champion gave me an interview for *Sports Report*, which I took on a tape recorder, and on the day of the fight I again met him, unexpectedly this time, in the lift of the municipal hall just before the weigh-in.

"Hallo, Rocky!" I said, and edged towards him in the lift-car, which was tight-packed with his bodyguard of four untrusting tough guys who had been in more than a fight or two themselves. I stretched out my hand towards Rocky, and suddenly it was taken in a wrist-snapping grip and replaced firmly at my side. I looked up into one of the most unwelcoming faces I have ever seen, and the words came out lopsidedly but clear: "The champ don't shake hands wiv nobody before a fight." Even if I'd had a pocket-size atomic bomb I wouldn't have questioned this statement.

I arrived early at the Kezar Stadium that evening. I took my seat at the ringside and started talking into the lip microphone at least twenty minutes before the fight was due to begin.

As the excited hum of anticipation built up among the fight-frenzied crowd, my heart was pounding fast. Nobody in the hall, except Cockell's supporters, expected him to last more than four rounds. When he appeared in the spotlight on the way to the ring I was gripped with a feeling of pride that set me at one with the British heavyweight. In those moments, I felt so much like a fellow-Londoner of Cockell's that I might well have lapsed into cockney dialect.

In Britain it was four o'clock in the morning, and I sensed that this would be a broadcast I would always want to remember—or a complete fiasco. For I still did not know whether my voice was being heard on the other side of the Atlantic.

NEXT WEEK: My nerve-racking ordeals in "This Is Your Life"

The birth of Red Russia

Continued from page 17

me one and a half printers and I will remake the front page."

Lenin sighed with relief. "Good, the demonstration is cancelled." Then, turning to the restless youngsters: "You have gone a wee bit too far to the left."

The meeting broke up. The district organizers hurried to the factories and barracks. There were hasty meetings: "No demonstration tomorrow, comrades." Many of the workers had gone home. Bolsheviks went round the working-class flats, knocking at each door, and whispering the news. The workers, still half asleep, grumbled with disappointment. At one door, a man answered angrily: "We are not your comrades." But somehow the message got through. There was no Bolshevik demonstration.

The setback was short-lived. The moderates decided to rub in their victory. They would stage an official demonstration to show whom the people of Petrograd really supported. This time the slogans would be: "Confidence in the provisional government!"; "Confidence in the Soviet Executive!"

Everything was laid on in grand style—a big wooden stand for the march past; officers in smart uniforms; government cars with flags, racing to and fro. All the moderate leaders were present: Chkheidzke, president of the Petrograd Soviet; Chernov, president of the Congress of Soviets. Kerensky himself planned to appear at the most dramatic moment.

Nearly half a million people turned out, marching in tightly packed columns. But what was this? The leading groups were carrying the banners which they had prepared for the forbidden demonstration of June 10, banners with the Bolshevik slogans: "Down with the ten capitalist ministers!"; "All power to the Soviet!"

Chkheidzke laughed: "Trust the Bolsheviks to steal the head of the procession. But just wait a bit."

As he waited, his face turned grey. Hundreds, thousands, tens of thousands marched by: and nothing but Bolshevik banners. The demonstrators did not cheer the Soviet leaders; instead they shook their fists. Kerensky came up in his car, saw what was happening and drove off again.

Chkheidzke, Chernov and the rest drew back from the front of the platform. "Send for a Bolshevik!" they whispered. "Send for someone whom they'll cheer!" But none could be found. At last Kamenev came running up, climbed the ladder to the platform and took the salute "in the name of the Soviet."

It was an absurd conclusion. Some Bolsheviks thought that the game was already won. One of them said to Lenin that nothing remained for the moderates except to hand over power. Lenin answered coldly: "Power is not handed over; it is taken by arms."

Yet even Lenin grew too confident. "The tide is running our way," he said, and he expected it to continue running without his guidance. He was feeling worn out and ill. He did not possess Trotsky's inexhaustible energy or Stalin's capacity of sitting at a desk for ten hours a day. He badly needed the exercise and open air that had kept him fit while in exile in Switzerland. Everything seemed to be going well, so he decided to take a holiday.

His journalist friend, Bonch-Bruevich, invited him to his country cottage at Neivola on the border of Finland. There Lenin spent long hours dozing under a tree, and swimming in the neighbouring lake.

His holiday was soon interrupted. On July 4, at six in the morning, there was a rap on the cottage window. Bonch-Bruevich looked out: "What has happened?" he asked the Bolshevik messenger who stood outside.

"There is an uprising in Petrograd," the man replied excitedly.

Lenin woke up with difficulty. "I must go," he said at once and, hiring a car, drove to the railway station.

Yes, things had got out of hand. Lenin had left strict instructions: "Organize, agitate, but no demonstrations. The masses must not come out into the streets until Russia is with us." Stalin gave the Soviet Executive a solemn pledge that there would be no fresh demonstrations. But it was easier said than done.

A Bolshevik speaker, trying to explain the need for caution, was booed by the crowd. After a bit he could not get a hearing. New, wilder agitators stole the Bolshevik thunder. The anarchist Bleichmann—shirt open at the neck, hair blowing in all directions—was the hero of the day. "Let us have a second revolution," he shouted. "Let us overthrow the provisional government as we overthrew the Tsar in February." And then? "Then we will have no government at all."

The discontent had a more practical cause. Kerensky now dominated the provisional government, and saw himself as the Saviour of Russia. He was being hard pressed by the western allies to launch an offensive against the Germans. Besides, a little bloodletting would knock the stuffing out of

Painting with **Bergermaster**

is easier, better, faster,

—the mirror-glaze finish just *flows* on

The Styrene in Bergermaster gives it the most brilliant mirror-glaze finish and makes brush marks smooth themselves out. Indoors, and out, it defies wear and weather years longer than old-formula paints.

FREE COLOUR SERVICE

Have an individual colour scheme created for your home, or any part of it, by the Mayfair Colour Centre's Experts. This service is quite free. Send for details today.

To: Mayfair Colour Centre, Berger House, Berkeley Sq., London, W.1
Please send me your colour scheme form and details:

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

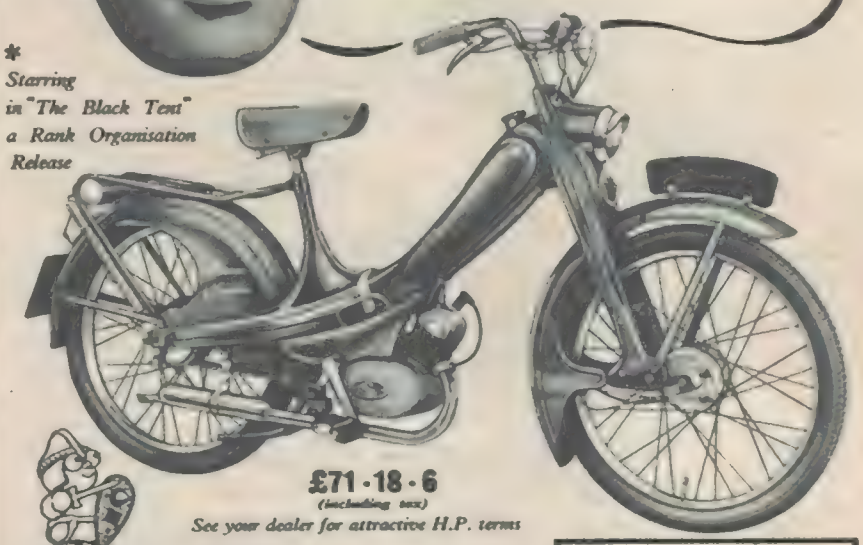
Bergermaster is made by Lewis Berger (Gt. Britain) Ltd., Morning Lane, London, E.9. Tel. AMH. 3321

I choose the Nippy...

says DONALD SINDEN *

What a machine! It's got everything a busy man like me could wish for. Plenty of dash and verve for weaving in and out of busy streets. Low petrol consumption, and a really superb two-stroke engine which gives me less trouble than flicking on my cigarette lighter. In my opinion the 'Nippy' is the perfect lightweight moped. See your dealer today.

* *Starring in "The Black Tent" a Rank Organisation Release*



£71·18·6
(including tax)

See your dealer for attractive H.P. terms

NORMAN Nippy

Naturally the Moped YOU'LL choose

A COMPANY OF THE CYCLE DIVISION
NORMAN CYCLES LIMITED, ASHFORD, KENT

British-built, the 500c 'Nippy' covers 200 miles to the gallon. Its top speed is 30 m.p.h. It features easy pedal starting from the stationary position, built-in 15-watt lighting and comfort suspension. Finished lustrous flamboyant red.

Have you yet-ett ?

Mint-etts

Toff-etts

Ko-ketts

6D

2 OZ. BUMPER PACKS

I darent go home without some luscious Mint-etts

Milky coconut and creamy fudge–whoopee! Ko-ketts for us every time

They're the family favourites

Toff-etts are a must in our house–plenty to go round in every box!

"This is the spot all right, but somebody's beaten us to it"

the extremists and revive Russian patriotism.

On June 18, Kerensky announced: "The Russian revolutionary army has gone over to the attack." At first all went well. There were victories against the Austrians on the Galician front. General Kornilov took Galich, Kalusz, and nearly 30,000 prisoners. Then German troops arrived; and it was a different story. The whole Russian front collapsed. Tarnopol, their key point in Galicia, was lost, and tens of thousands of Russian soldiers deserted. More than 60,000 were killed by the Germans in the last days of June.

This news alone was enough to send Petrograd up in revolt. But there was worse. Regiments from the garrison were ordered to go to the front. They refused: they would fight only for the revolution, not for the allies. On July 3 reports came to Bolshevik headquarters that the First Regiment of Machine-gunners were about to demonstrate in the streets. What should the party do? Stalin insisted that they must obey Lenin's order: No demonstrations. An appeal was set up for next day's *Pravda*, telling the workers to keep off the streets.

A Bolshevik speaker went to the barracks of the machine-gunners with the message. The soldiers listened quietly. The speaker thought he had talked them over. "Please, comrade soldiers, stay quiet." He put a resolution cancelling the demonstration and it was carried.

But when he left, the machine-gunners went on arguing. One of them shouted: "Let us demonstrate all the same." There was a new resolution cancelling the previous one. The whole regiment would march through the streets next morning.

The Bolsheviks could not afford to allow a demonstration which they did not seem to be leading. Reluctantly, they changed course. The appeal in *Pravda* was torn out. There was no time to substitute a new one; and so on July 4 *Pravda* appeared with a blank front page. A special leaflet was printed, announcing that the Bolsheviks would lead a "peaceful, organized demonstration" with the cry: *All power to the Soviets!* A messenger was sent to Lenin, imploring him to return.

It was against this background of confusion that the fateful day of July 4 dawned—a day that was to see the workers rise up against their own elected Soviet and even try to lynch its president. Contrary to the Bolsheviks' hopes, the demonstration turned out to be neither peaceful nor organized. The masses poured into the streets, angry, rebellious, leaderless. On the Nevsky Prospekt, the main shopping street, some officers had set up a defence post with a special Force of Order. When the crowd was at its thickest, this force opened fire with machine-guns. It was a massacre. The crowd scattered, leaving four hundred dead bodies on the pavements. But new processions came on. The Force of Order sickened at its work, stopped firing, dispersed. The solid procession moved forward.

Each group marched first to the Kshesinskaia Palace to get orders from the Bolsheviks. Their leaders pushed inside, grabbed hold of any Bolshevik they could find—Kamenev, Zinoviev, Sverdlov—and demanded instructions.

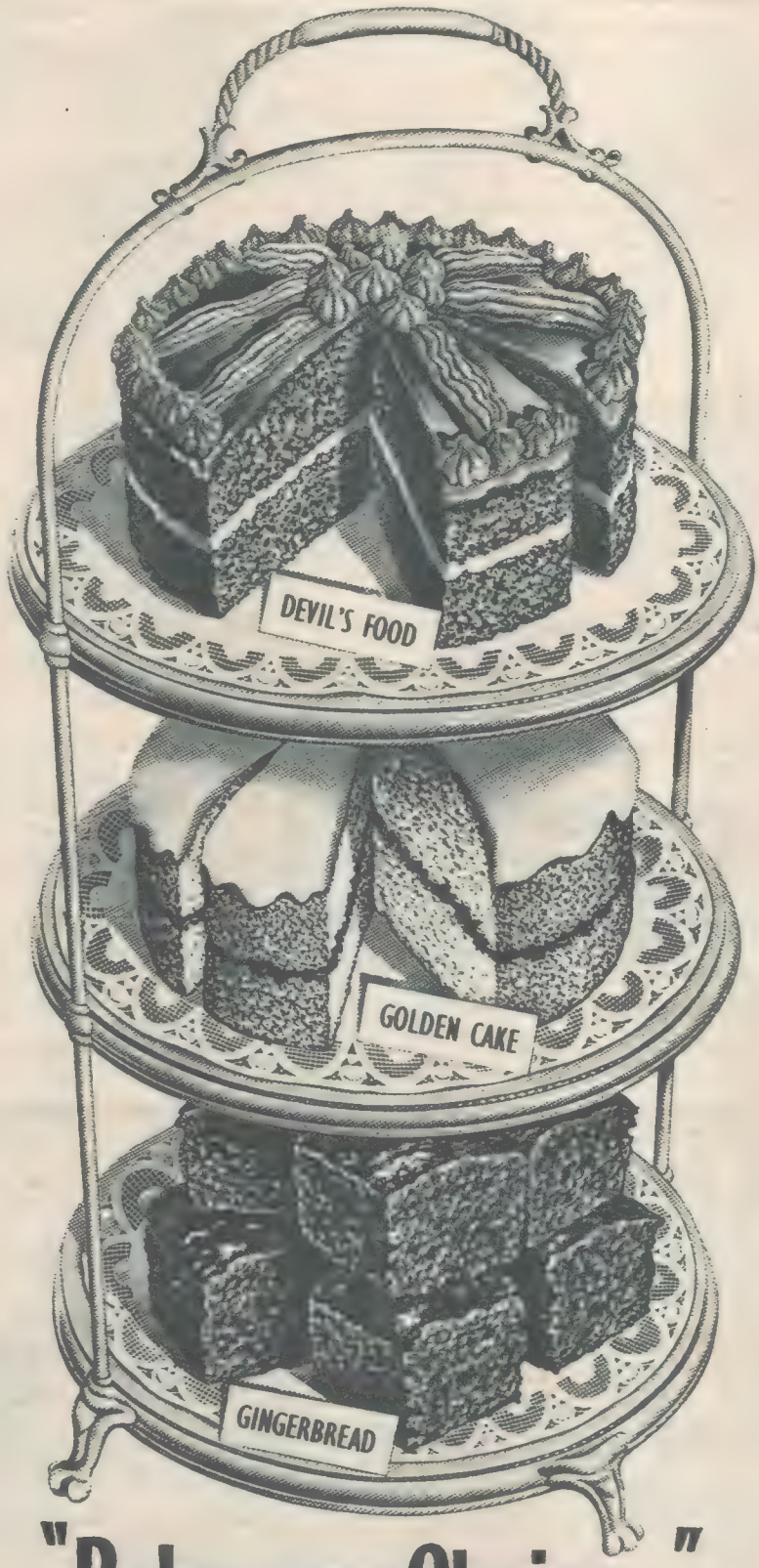
The Bolsheviks did not know what to say. They had announced that they were leading a peaceful demonstration. But what for? It was singularly pointless to cry "All power to the Soviets!" when the Soviet Executive was firmly resolved not to take power. Still, the Bolsheviks did their best. They told the crowds to march to the Tauride Palace and to display to the Soviet the will of the people.

In the afternoon Lenin got back from the country. He, too, was stuck about what to say. He went out on to the balcony of the Kshesinskaia Palace, declared that the Soviets must win in the end; but meanwhile there must be order, calm, discipline.

His plea was useless. More and more people poured into the streets. The sailors arrived from Kronstadt in their launches. They, too, went to the Kshesinskaia Palace, then on to the Tauride—and there they threatened Chernov and nearly lynched him. Trotsky's dramatic rescue of Chernov did not end the uproar. The sailors were not long content to stand shouting in the square. Some of them pushed up the palace steps and banged at the great locked door until it opened. Then the crowd swarmed into the great hall of the Soviet itself.

Here they were a bit overawed. After all, this was the great Soviet, the body they were supposed to be backing. Chkheidzke was in the chair. He was a tough Georgian (like Stalin) and not frightened at the sight of rifles. He reached down and handed out leaflets, saying: "You want to obey the Soviet. Well, comrades, here are its orders." And the puzzled sailors, demanding "All power to the Soviets," read the Soviet appeal that they should go back to Kronstadt.

There were even stranger confusions. One regiment marched out to support the Bolsheviks. Arriving at the Tauride Palace, they ran into Dan, a right-wing Menshevik, and asked him for instructions. He told them to set up sentinels and to mount guard. In this way soldiers who had come to demonstrate against the government were



"Bake your Choice..."

SAYS MARY BAKER

They're as luscious as they look!

Lovely, lovely cakes—feathery light and beautifully risen—cakes that stay fresh to the last delicious slice—cakes you'll be so proud to bake! Choose from the wonderful Mary Baker Cake Mixes—full flavoured Gingerbread, rich chocolate Devil's Food, creamy-light Golden Cake. They're specially blended to give you *high* rising, *light* rising and *even* rising for *less beating*—just 2 minutes and they're ready to bake! And because you add the fresh egg yourself you know the cake is as good and fresh as it can possibly be. Bake your Mary Baker cake—today!

You Add Your Own Fresh Egg For Home Sweet Home Made Cakes

Mary Baker CAKE MIX

CAKE MIX DIVISION, THE SHREDDED WHEAT COMPANY, LIMITED, WELWYN GARDEN CITY, HERTS.

It will pay you to buy a Phillips Bicycle

A Phillips Bicycle provides fare-free, care-free transport, built to last — costs little or nothing in upkeep — it is THE answer to ever-increasing travel costs.

EASIER than walking

QUICKER than queueing

CHEAPER than Bus, Tram or Train fares.

In the Phillips Range there are many magnificent models from which to choose — Roadsters, Light Tourists and Sports.

FROM £1 DEPOSIT & on attractive E.P. Terms.

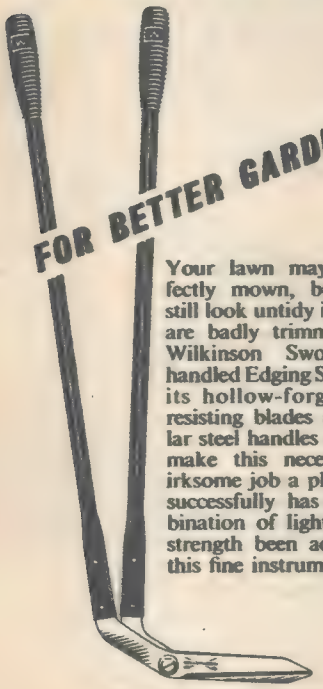
PHILLIPS
THE TRUE TEMPER STEEL BICYCLE

Still the cheapest way to travel to work or play

PHILLIPS CYCLES LTD. · SMETHWICK · BIRMINGHAM 40
A UNIT OF THE CYCLE DIVISION

DESIGN

FOR BETTER GARDENING



Your lawn may be perfectly mown, but it will still look untidy if its edges are badly trimmed. This Wilkinson Sword long-handled Edging Shear, with its hollow-forged, rust-resisting blades and tubular steel handles will really make this necessary but irksome job a pleasure, so successfully has the combination of lightness with strength been achieved in this fine instrument.

W.427 EDGING SHEAR
PRICE 60/-

WILKINSON SWORD

Write for details of full range of Wilkinson Sword Garden Tools. G.3

WILKINSON SWORD LIMITED · LONDON, W.4

'Old Spotty Face' couldn't get a girl

... until amazing new healing balm helped him

BOB was a nice enough fellow. Trouble was—girls never got to know him. They were put off by his endless spots. He knew they called him 'Old Spotty Face'.

Then Bob heard about Valderma Balm. He tried it. Soon he saw his spots go. Now he's extremely popular with girls.

No single antiseptic can kill all the germs causing common skin troubles. That's why Valderma Balm contains *two* powerful antiseptics. These combat germs causing eczema, rashes, itching, pimples. They seek and kill the spot-causing germs. Valderma Balm isn't greasy. So septic matter is free to filter away. Skin soon becomes clear and healthy.

Get some Valderma Balm and see *your* skin troubles go. At chemists: send a 2½d. stamp, for postage, etc., to Dept. J.B.9., Valderma Laboratories, 17 Berners St., London, W.1.

For clear, healthy skin use Valderma BALM and SOAP

now guarding the government against the demonstrators.

Without leaders or policy, the demonstrations gradually petered out. The streets cleared of people. Loyal troops arrived from the provinces, men who knew the Bolsheviks only as "German Agents" who supported Lenin in his cry to end the "imperialist war" against Germany. The old trick of pogroms raised its head: "Death to the Jews and the Bolsheviks!"

At the offices of *Pravda* the next day's paper was going to press. Suddenly stones flew through the windows. The doors were broken in and a group of young officers rushed into the building. They grabbed hold of the printers, beat them, flung them out into the street. Then they stopped the presses, smashed them up, wrecked furniture and made every room a shambles.

Next the officers went on to the Kshesinskaia Palace. They meant to murder the Bolshevik leaders. But someone had given the alarm. The Bolsheviks had cleared out and the palace was empty. The officers burned a few tables and chairs and copies of out-of-date pamphlets, and smashed some of the windows.

The last to hold out were the Kronstadt sailors at the Peter-Paul prison. Stalin went to them, and, after long argument, persuaded them to surrender "in the name of the Soviet." He got his reward. He alone was exempted from the decree of arrest which the government now launched against the Bolshevik leaders.

For the moderates thought that their chance had come to finish with the Bolshevik danger for good and all. To make matters doubly sure, they published documents which seemed to prove that Lenin was a German agent. The only bit of truth in the charge was that Lenin had returned through Germany with official permission. But any mud would do.

The Central Committee of the Bolshevik party held a secret meeting to decide whether Lenin, Zinoviev, Kamenev and the rest should surrender and demand a public trial. Kamenev insisted on doing this; he believed that his opponents would treat him fairly and would acknowledge that there was no truth in these "slanders."

Trotsky, though not yet a member of the party, took the same line. He had not been included in the warrant of arrest, but he publicly announced that he agreed with Lenin and Zinoviev on every issue. He said at the Soviet: "Lenin has fought for the revolution for thirty years. I have fought against oppression for twenty years. Why don't you arrest me, too?" In the end he got his way.

Lenin had no trust in the good faith of the "conciliators." He said on July 5: "They have chosen this moment to murder us all." His life was too precious to be risked in the melodrama of a public trial. He would go into hiding. Stalin alone supported him; the other Bolsheviks agreed reluctantly.

LENIN left the meeting place by a back entrance, taking Zinoviev with him for company. They went to Stalin's flat in the suburbs, and there Stalin shaved off Lenin's beard. Stalin organized every move. This was "the underground" which he knew so well; and for the next two months Stalin was the only member of the central committee who knew where Lenin was. Stalin got hold of a Bolshevik worker, Ermelianov, who knew the countryside round Petrograd and told him to find somewhere as a safe hiding place.

Then, late one evening, Ermelianov was told to wait on the Strogonov bridge. A *droshky* came along with Stalin in it. He called out: "The goods are in the next parcel. Take charge of it," and drove off. Ermelianov jumped into a closed cab that was following; and found two men whom he did not recognize. The slighter of the two began to ask him questions about the mood of the workers. Then he realized he was talking to Lenin.

At the suburban station the last train was leaving, full of tired workers going

"Richardson, you have still got your mask on!"

back to their homes. Lenin, Zinoviev and Ermelianov got into the last carriage unnoticed and travelled to Rasliv, a few miles away in the country. There Ermelianov took them to a barn he knew of. It was not a good hiding place. Middle-class holidaymakers, out for the day, were always trying to break in and have a nap after lunch. Despite his disguise, Lenin was always afraid of being recognized.

Ermelianov decided to move them farther out to take part in the haymaking. The farm workers would not worry who the two extra hands were. They had to cross the lake of Rasliv in a canoe and then walk a couple of miles through the forest to the meadows. Here was a hut made of branches and thatched with straw and in it Lenin and Zinoviev lived for a fortnight, sleeping on hay.

Lenin flung himself into haymaking. He was soon an expert, making the biggest, most perfect stacks. Zinoviev, fat and out of condition, tired easily and went back to the hut to sleep. In the evenings Lenin went fishing with the children of the other haymakers. Then he sat outside his hut, eating fish soup and drinking tea. He told fairy stories to the children and discussed politics with the haymakers. Every day a messenger brought the Petrograd newspapers, and Lenin pored over them and wrote ceaselessly—letters to Stalin, pamphlets, articles.

It was an uneasy time despite the open-air life. By the beginning of August the nights were becoming cold, and the hut did not keep out the wind. There were clouds of gnats from the lake nearby. Besides, when Lenin's articles appeared, the provisional government spotted that Lenin must be near Petrograd and had not escaped to Germany in a destroyer. One day they would get on the track.

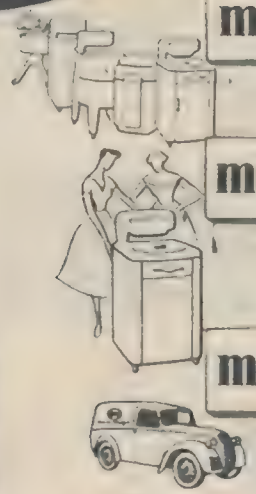
Stalin sent instructions that Lenin must be taken over the border to Finland which, though still part of the Russian empire, had Home Rule and greater freedom. Ermelianov again arranged the move with another Bolshevik worker, Shotman. They discovered a Finnish engine driver, Ialava, who agreed to take the two men across, and then they waited for his night of duty.

The signal came. Ialava was taking a train to Finland the following evening. Off they went, back through the forest, across the lake, and then towards the railway station. Shotman went forward to ask when the next train was due. A suspicious policeman at the station arrested him.

The other three hung about outside

Servis

the name that means so much more



more **EXPERIENCE IN WASHER DESIGN**

Servis has been one of the first names in washer design for over 25 years . . . responsible for much of the development work which has made low-cost washer ownership a reality.

more **FAVOURITE FEATURES**

Boiling, Washing, Wringing and Emptying are standard features on both Servis washers. The automatic wringer on the Superheat is regarded as one of the world's finest and the deep-clean gentle wash-action of both models is acclaimed for its speed and thoroughness.

more **AFTER-SALES SERVICE**

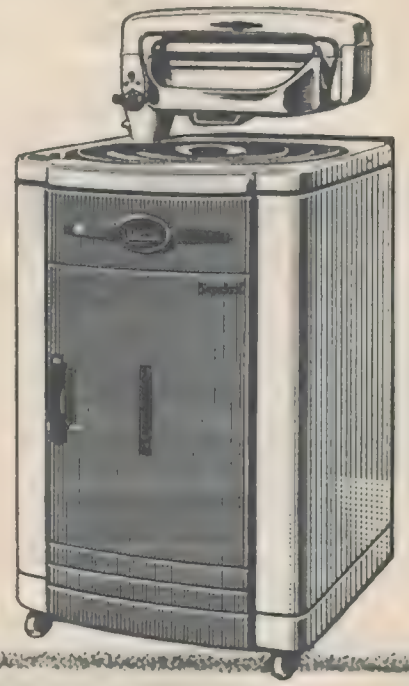
Every Servis washer is backed by our unrivalled country-wide Service organisation with depots everywhere, controlling a force of mobile factory-trained engineers resident in all main towns—you need never miss a wash-day. Both models carry a 12 months guarantee.

The popular 'S' MODEL specially designed for the smaller kitchen, it Boils, Washes, Wrings and Empties. Full family wash in small compact size.
£42. 0. 0. (Plus £17. 12. 3. Purchase Tax). H.P. Terms available.

ALL THIS AND COLOUR TOO

In addition to sparkling white or cream you can key your colourful Servis washer to your kitchen decor. Exciting new colours are Jasmine Yellow, Horizon Blue, Almond Green, Lantern Red teamed with pearl-white or honey-cream. Go gay with Servis.

SERVIS ELECTRIC WASHERS (DEPT. JB.), DARLASTON, S. STAFFS. *London Showrooms: 70 Park Lane, W.1.*



The world's finest washer value.

THE SUPERHEAT gives you faster Boiling, more thorough Washing, top efficiency Wringing and quicker Emptying—plus big 9lb. wash capacity, all for **£59. 10. 0.** (Plus £26. 15. 6. Purchase Tax). H.P. Terms available.

DE LUXE MODEL **£52. 0. 0.** (Plus £23. 8. 0. Purchase Tax.) H.P. terms available.

Wise men say

LODGE

THE POWER PLUG

By Appointment to Her Majesty The Queen Suppliers of Sparking Plugs Lodge Plugs Limited

LODGE plugs give a new lease of life to tired engines. Ask for them by name.

THE ALL BRITISH SPARK PLUG FROM ALL GOOD GARAGES

P.L. LODGE PLUGS LTD., RUGBY

Buy a carpet with a name behind it . . . . .

The BMK label which backs every BMK carpet or rug is a sure sign that you're getting very best value for money. There's a BMK quality to suit every pocket, and whichever quality you buy, you can be sure of genuine all-wool pile and *a guarantee of mothproofing for life.*

BMK

Guaranteed mothproof

CARPETS & RUGS

BLACKWOOD HORTON KILMARNOCK

BUY PATON'S LACES

SMART STRONG RELIABLE

On sale throughout Britain

Home to that good meal he needs!

OH, THAT BOY!

It's such a job to get him to wash his hands and tidy his hair before meals—he rushes home from school simply *ravenous*.

Jim's just the same . . . on the farm all day he gets hungry as a hunter, and when you work out of doors in all weathers you really need a good, filling meal. But, my goodness, when there's Batchelors Peas for lunch it's like a young stampede when they both come in for meals!

* *A nation-wide survey showed that of all women who named their favourite brand of peas, 4 out of 6 named Batchelors. And no wonder —they're the tenderest, plumpest peas you can buy. Get some in* today.

Batchelors PEAS

make a good meal

WONDERFUL

Thick Creamy Libby's Milk..

So rich- it whips!

Here's how to whip Libby's...

For 1 large size tin: (2 pint equivalent)	For 1 small size tin: (¾ pint equivalent)
2 Tablespoons Lemon Juice	3 Teaspoons Lemon Juice
5-oz. Caster Sugar	2-oz. Caster Sugar
1 Teaspoon Vanilla	½ Teaspoon Vanilla
Makes 30 generous servings	Makes 12 generous servings

Cool the tin of milk, bowl and beater in the refrigerator or in cold water (iced if possible) until well chilled. Empty the milk from the tin into the bowl and whip vigorously until thick (3 to 5 minutes). Add lemon juice and whip until very thick (another minute or two). Beat in sugar and vanilla.

Libby's whipped — that's a real treat for the family. Simply delicious on fruits, puddings, trifles, gateaux .... And when the cry is 'Lashings of Libby's Mummy', there is no need to be sparing, because a large serving of Libby's Whip costs only about a ha'penny.

Libby's

Full Cream Evaporated MILK

***FREE!** For easy, clean opening of Libby's write for tin piercer to Dept. C.*

LIBBY, McNEILL & LIBBY LTD.,
Forum House, 15 & 16 Lime Street, London, E.C.3.

OPEN TO VIEW

by JAMES LEES-MILNE

Drawn by ROWLAND HILDER

Sevenoaks was scandalized. The Duke was home from Paris—with an Italian dancer

IN 1783 a rich and handsome bachelor was sent as British Ambassador to Paris. He was John Frederick Sackville, third Duke of Dorset and the owner of Knole, in Kent. One evening he was introduced to an Italian dancer, Gianetta Bacelli. He fell head over heels in love, and shocked French society by giving Gianetta his Garter with *Honi Soit Qui Mal Y Pense* in diamonds to wear as a hair ribbon at the Opera.

When the French Revolution broke out he established Madame Bacelli at Knole. The neighbouring town of Sevenoaks was much scandalized but the Duke didn't care. He gave Gianetta all his family jewels, had her painted by Reynolds and a statue made of her in the nude. She bore him several children. Then suddenly she left him. The Duke was dumbfounded and desolate. He married soon after, but sank into a melancholy from which he died.

The third Duke's ancestor, Charles, sixth Earl of Dorset, was likewise involved in a notorious love affair—with young Nell Gwyn. "My Charles I" Nell affectionately called him in later years when she had moved on to keep still higher company with King Charles II.

Knole has always had strong literary associations. Thomas Sackville, the first Earl of Dorset, wrote *Gorboduc*, the first regular tragedy in our language, described as of "unbearable dullness." Charles, the sixth Earl, entertained the Restoration poets, notably Dryden, Prior and Rochester. Within recent years Knole was the home of Victoria Sackville-West, the poet and writer.

The history of this ancient palace, with its seven courtyards, its fifty-two staircases and its reputed 365 rooms, is grand and varied. Begun in the remote Middle Ages, Knole was extended by five archbishops who owned it in succession. The last was Thomas Cranmer. In 1538 he was obliged to surrender it to Henry VIII.

In June, 1566, Queen Elizabeth I granted Knole to her cousin, Thomas Sackville. It was presented to the National Trust by the fourth Lord Sackville in 1946.

How to get there: Knole is at the Tonbridge end of Sevenoaks (S.R.). *Open:* November, December and March: Wednesdays, Thursdays, Fridays, Saturdays and bank holidays (except Boxing Day), 10 till 12, 2 till 3.30. April to October: same days, 10 till 12, 2 till 4.30.

until they saw the smoke of an engine, then moved on to the railway platform. To their dismay they saw that it was blocked by a group of young officers, singing and cursing the Bolsheviks.

Ermelianov pushed forward and began arguing with them. "I think the Bolsheviks are good fellows," he shouted. An officer grabbed him: "Look out! We shoot Bolsheviks."

Ermelianov shook himself free: "Shoot away then. You need practice."

The officers laid hold of him and put him under arrest. When the train came in, he was placed in a locked carriage under guard. The officers had meant to inspect the rest of the train, but after this row they had no time. No one noticed two men in rough working-class clothes who got into another carriage farther down the train.

At Petrograd, Zinoviev went off on his own to hide in the suburbs. Lenin crossed the platform to the express for Finland. He jumped up beside Ialava in the driver's cab without a word and began throwing wood into the firebox. Ialava noticed that he did it as though he had been a fireman all his life.

At the frontier station of Belo-Ostrov there was a twenty-minute wait. Ialava uncoupled the engine, drove it to the water-pump which was in darkness and fussed about filling the tank of the engine till the last moment. As he brought the engine back into the station, the frontier-guard said: "Hurry up! You are late already. There's no time to stamp your papers. I'll do it tomorrow." And with that they were off over the border. It was just as well the guard did not ask for Lenin's passport—the photograph on it was not a bit like him.

In Finland the Bolshevik party was still legal. At Helsinki, Lenin took a *droshky*, drove to party headquarters, and the local Bolsheviks there soon found him a comfortable flat. The Petrograd government wrote, saying that they had reason to suspect that the dangerous criminal Lenin was in Finland. The Finnish police always replied that they could find no trace of him. This was not surprising—for Lenin was living in the flat of the Helsinki chief-of-police, himself a Bolshevik.

Lenin remained clean-shaven. Otherwise he dropped most precautions. Fast trains brought him the papers from Petrograd; on occasions he even used the official telegraph lines. In the intervals of writing articles he also worked on his most important theoretical book, *The State And Revolution*.

Lenin might have thought that his opponents were going to kill him. In fact the repression was a very half-hearted affair. Kamenev, Trotsky and the rest were never brought to trial. Instead they turned their prison into a political club, carrying on endless debates and even enlisting their jailers in the Bolshevik party. The newspapers were delivered regularly to the prison, and Trotsky wrote articles almost daily. For, though *Pravda* had been suppressed, the Bolsheviks found a printer, and their newspaper soon reappeared—first as the *Worker*, and when this was suppressed, as the *Proletarian*; and finally as the *Workers' Way*.

Early in August the Bolsheviks held a formal party congress—their sixth since 1897 and the first to be held on Russian soil (the earlier ones had met in exile). It met in what were called conditions of "semi-legality"; that is, the meetings were not announced beforehand, and the speeches were not reported. But everyone knew what was happening. There were about 150 delegates from all over Russia, representing nearly 200,000 members—so fast was Bolshevism growing.

With all the famous leaders imprisoned or in hiding, Stalin was left to conduct the congress alone with the support of "the second eleven." He repeated rather mechanically Lenin's instructions: the slogan *All power to the Soviets* was out of date; the Soviets were now useless; and the Bolshevik party must prepare to seize power in its own name. Molotov supported Stalin. Others thought the policy wild and extreme. But they were told that Lenin insisted on it, and so voted for the resolution without any idea that they had committed themselves to an early revolution.

FROM the practical point of view it seemed more important that at this congress Trotsky and his small group formally joined the Bolshevik party. Trotsky had long been with them in spirit, and Lenin was to say of him soon afterwards: "There is no better Bolshevik than Trotsky." He was indeed accepted at once as a front-rank leader. The congress elected a new central committee, putting on Lenin, Zinoviev, Kamenev, Trotsky in that order. Stalin came only seventh; Molotov was too junior to receive a vote.

Clearly Stalin had not made much impression as a public figure. He did not complain at this time. He was content to withdraw again into obscurity, carrying on the unnoticed work of organization. The party network had now developed a new task. It began to create Red Guards in the factories, at first to protect the buildings, later as the core of a revolutionary army. The Red Guards were always a small force—never more than 25,000 of them—and they had great difficulty in getting arms. In any normal society the Red Guards would have counted for little. But with everything else breaking down they became in time the only effective force left in Russia; and they made the Bolshevik revolution.

Russia in August, 1917, was in a very odd state. While the Bolsheviks were growing stronger, everyone else was growing weaker. The revolution from February to July had been like a runaway express train with no driver. The Bolsheviks had merely been running down the line trying to catch it up. Now the train was slowing down; and the Bolsheviks, after a bad stumble, were running better.

Most observers thought that the revolution was over. It seemed all to

Mother's a killer

And she goes on killing, when she's reading, resting or asleep. Her weapon is PERMINEX GAMMA BHC, the insecticide that contains "Gamma BHC", the new and super pest destroyer.

Puff . . . puff . . . puff . . . (The puffer's in the tin). Out comes a cloud of fine powder. And it kills — not instantly — but persistently over a long period.

PERMINEX KILLS AND GOES ON KILLING FLIES, COCKROACHES, MOTHS, MOSQUITOES, ANTS, FLEAS, CARPET BEETLES, SILVER FISH, BED BUGS AND CRICKETS.

PERMINEX ALSO DISINFESTS CATS, DOGS AND OTHER DOMESTIC ANIMALS.

Dad's a killer too

PERMINEX will make a wonderful difference to Dad's garden because it contains "Gamma BHC", Science's deadliest killer.

PERMINEX KILLS AND GOES ON KILLING ANTS, WIREWORMS, COCKCHAFER GRUBS, LEATHERJACKETS, MILLEPEDES, CABBAGE ROOT FLY, CARROT FLY, FLEA BEETLES, WEEVILS, EARWIGS, GREENFLY, CUTWORMS, ONION FLY AND WOODLICE.

PERMINEX ALSO DISINFESTS POULTRY HOUSES, NESTING BOXES, PIGEON LOFTS AND ANIMAL SLEEPING QUARTERS.

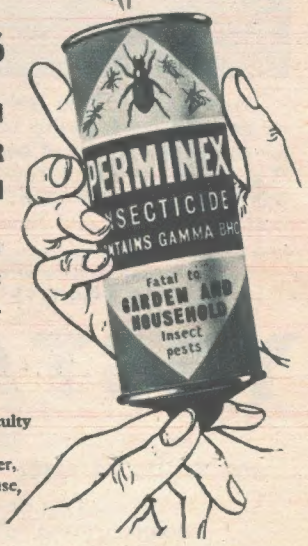
PERMINEX GAMMA BHC

LINDANE QUALITY

1/6

*IN PUFFER TIN

A powerful and persistent pest killer.



If in any difficulty write to: Scott & Turner, Andrews House, Newcastle-upon-Tyne.

GO-AHEAD GIRL OF THE WEEK

MEET MISS MISERY—the weary life's-a-terrible grind young lady who woke up one morning so full of pep that she went right out and bought him—that doggie in the window. Biscuits, basket and all.

Why the change? She'll say "Bile Beans"—and her chemist will tell you that Bile Beans are now a double-purpose laxative with a real plus factor. (Don't try to pronounce it.) Tauroglycocholate.

First Bile Beans Laxative Plus clears your system of toxic food wastes overnight. Then the new plus factor breaks up the fats that cause fatty indigestion. Your whole system functions better. And you look and feel as you *should*. Clear eyed. Fresh-complexioned. *On top of the world!* (Ask for Bile Beans Laxative Plus from all chemists and stores—9½d., 1/9d., 4/- and Twists 3 for 3½d.)

She's a new woman since taking Bile Beans Laxative Plus

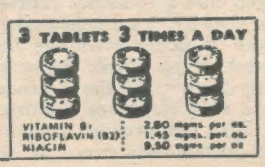
There's no need to feel down in the dumps when you can eat your way to positive good health with YESTAMIN. In this pure brewers' yeast is far the richest source of one of nature's most important vitamins—the vitamin B complex—which modern cooking methods all too often lose. Make good this loss with YESTAMIN—3 tablets with each meal—then you'll enjoy both your health and food.

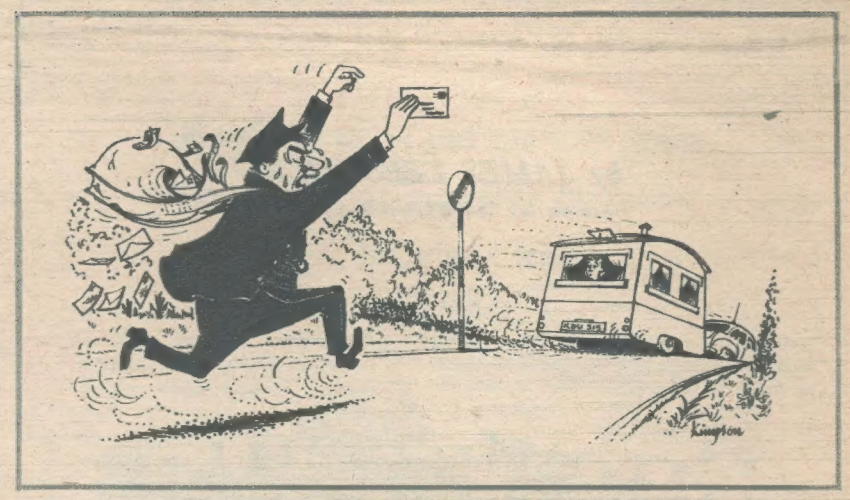
These may be signs of vitamin B shortage NERVES · INDIGESTION
LOSS OF APPETITE · CONSTIPATION · POOR COMPLEXION

YESTAMIN DAILY YEAST

From your chemist **50 TABLETS 1/3**
100 TABLETS 1/10½ 300 TABLETS 4/9

THE ENGLISH GRAINS CO. LTD.,
SHOBNALL ROAD, BURTON-ON-TRENT.





the good that the Germans had won the great battles. What if they took Riga or Petrograd itself! They would restore order.

Petrograd had never been so gay as in its last months of the old society. Chaliapin was singing at the opera; Karsavina dancing in the ballet. The restaurants were crowded with rich customers, the old uniforms were being brought out of the cupboards again.

Not only the Bolsheviks were in disgrace. The whole Soviet was poorly thought of. It was turned out of the Tauride Palace—needed, it was said, for the Constituent Assembly (if it ever met). The Soviet took refuge in the distant suburb of Smolny, squeezing itself into what had been a school for aristocratic girls. The Soviet met in the former dining-room, still with its tables and benches. The kitchen was turned into a canteen, providing black bread, sausages and tea, tea, endless Russian tea. Upstairs the various committees and party leaders moved into the teachers' rooms.

The Bolsheviks had a room, too; for, though illegal, they were still a fraction of the Soviet. The door was marked: "Junior Mistress No. 4," with a pasted label: "Russian Social Democratic Labour Party (Majority Section)."

Kerensky was still head of the provisional government. He now imagined he was dictator and saviour of the country. He moved into the Winter Palace, where the Tsars had lived, and occupied the rooms of Alexander III, where he could be heard practising speeches and singing operatic airs. He raced about Russia. One day at the front, inspecting the largely non-existent army; another day at Moscow, where the Bolsheviks demonstrated the feebleness of his real power by a general strike on the day of his arrival.

Kerensky was determined to clean up Petrograd, to finish off the job that had been begun with the defeat of the demonstrations in July. He arranged with Kornilov, the commander-in-chief, that loyal troops should be specially trained and brought to Petrograd for the restoration of order. At the last moment he realized that Kornilov's plan included not only the defeat of the revolution but the overthrow of Kerensky also. It was Kornilov, not Kerensky, who would be dictator.

Hastily, Kerensky changed course. He sent orders to headquarters dismissing Kornilov — orders which were ignored. He appealed to the Soviet to save the revolution; and the Soviet responded. It set up a Committee for Defence against Counter-revolution, and, since only the Bolsheviks understood civil war, they were put in charge of it.

Lenin sent instructions from Finland: "We will defeat Kornilov without supporting Kerensky." Arms from the government stores were handed out to the Red Guards. A deputation of sailors from Kronstadt actually came to consult Trotsky in prison. What should they do? Should they not finish with Kerensky as well as with Kornilov?

Trotsky answered firmly: "One thing at a time. Today we will settle with Kornilov. Tomorrow it will be Kerensky's turn." The sailors went off to carry out instructions.

Trotsky returned to be questioned by the examining magistrate. But he refused to answer questions: "I'm too busy. I'm needed elsewhere." And he ordered the magistrate to release him. The poor gentleman did not know what to do. After some grumbling he let Trotsky and the other Bolsheviks out on bail. They were still theoretically on bail when they carried out the October revolution and became the rulers of Russia.

Once released, Trotsky went straight to the Soviet at Smolny. Even the most moderate socialists applauded his appearance. He was put on the Committee for Defence against Counter-revolution and at once took command; this was his first experience as a military organizer.

As a matter of fact this defence turned out to be an easy affair. Kornilov lost his nerve and fell ill. His troops melted away under a hail of propaganda. Once more, as in February, railwaymen refused to work the trains. On September 3, Kornilov was arrested by Red Guards. He was brought to Petrograd; kept in a comfortable hotel; and quietly released a few weeks later.

But he had played his part in history. Intending to restore order, he had in fact opened the door to the Bolshevik revolution. For now there was nothing to hold back the Bolshevik tide. The Petrograd Soviet itself changed character. The moderate deputies were recalled. Bolsheviks, acting under Stalin's instructions, took their place.

Trotsky was elected chairman of the Soviet instead of Chkheidzke. He mounted the dais in a storm of applause. As he took the chair he said: "Far from me usurping Chkheidzke's place, it is he who usurped mine—the place which I occupied in 1905. I shall give full freedom to all parties. As chairman I shall never lend myself to the suppression of a minority."

One of the Mensheviks reminded Trotsky of these words years later, when the Bolsheviks had suppressed all other parties. Trotsky fell silent and then said wistfully: "Those were good days." They were the days of romantic heroism, the days when the Bolsheviks still thought that they could build a heaven on earth.

But how were they to set about it? Talk was all very well. But what next? The Bolsheviks had a majority on the Petrograd Soviet; Trotsky was its chairman. Still nothing had changed in Russia. Were the Bolsheviks to go the way of their predecessors and to talk revolution without acting?

The tornado of Lenin's criticism, blowing from Helsinki, was to give the answer.

NEXT WEEK: The day that changed the history of the world

LUCK—2

Shallow men believe in luck.
Strong men believe in cause and effect.

Emerson

HIS VIEW ON SPORT WON £750!

YEARS ago Mr. E. G. Rock (78 Lynton Grove, Portsmouth) promised himself a *Bullets* First Prize. As a keen sportsman, he put his views into this *Bullet*: PLAYING FOR HIGH STAKES—MUSTN'T CAUSE SPORT'S "SUICIDE"! The result—a £750 First Prize cheque. And now Mrs. Rock is looking forward to new furniture, redecorations and a washing-machine.

This week some opinion of *yours*, neatly put into a few words on that coupon below, can bring you £1,000 and solve *three* holiday problems!

Win £1,000 and TRIPLE HOLIDAY PRIZE —a £25 Holiday cheque on June 1, 1956, 1957 and 1958

Best of the "£500 PLUS—" First Prize "Bullets" Nos. 2,033, 2,034, 2,035 and 2,036 wins entrant EXTRA £500, completing Tournament Award of £1,000 CASH.

£150 IN OTHER CHEQUES

£50, £25, £10, £9, £8, £7, £6, 2 of £5, 10 of £2.10s.

100 Prizes each value 10s., 1,000 "GOOD SHOTS"

10 Kitchen Luxuries as Bonuses—see coupon

HOW TO WIN £1,000 CASH

To make a *Bullet*, add simply TWO, THREE or FOUR words of apt and original comment to any of the *Examples* below. To use an incomplete *Example*, first complete it with any one word in place of dotted line—then make your *Bullet* as usual.

Blot On The World	Excruciating
Old Atlas	To Heal The Breach
Sailor Philip	Fate Stepped In And
The Young In Heart	Gave The Bride Away
In Cyprus	Busy In The Garden
Reaching For The Stars	With Dignity
Another Life	The Same Old Stuff
She Slaves And Slaves, But	Doing A Roaring Trade
Streaking Along	The Bookie
Cars Here, Cars There	At The Palais De Danse

Incomplete "Examples"—see instructions

The Lion's..... .....At The Door
Man Who Never..... Out Of That.....
Juggling With..... Gave.....A New Meaning

EXAMPLE ..... |6d.

BULLET .....

EX. ..... |6d.

B. .....

EX. ..... |6d.

B .....

EX. ..... |6d.

B. .....

EX. ..... |6d.

B. .....

10-in-1 BONUS

Grand 10-in-1 Bonus of luxuries for the kitchen to each of the 20 chief winners whose successful *Bullet* was one of five or more on single coupon or plain-paper entry sheet.

2,036

Closing Postmark MON., APRIL 30

I agree to Rules and enclose P.O.

Value.....

No. .....

Signed.....

Address.....

GET YOUR NEW 4-in-1 "BULLETIN"

Stick 2½d. stamp on this coupon (which you can enclose with your entry) for the new 4-in-1 "*Bullets*" *Bulletin*, containing coupons for *Bullets* 2,037 2,038, 2,039 and 2,040.

NAME .....

ADDRESS.....

.....835

STICK 2½d. STAMP here for "Bulletin"

Chief Winners No. 2,031

FIRST PRIZE, £300 plus £1 Weekly Pension (as offered) or £750 Lump Sum: D. Davis, 33 Crampton Street, Walworth, London, S.E.17:

Jeans And Sneers Fade—As Grade Made!

£50: A. H. Parry, "Belmont," Redbrook Road, Monmouth: THROUGH THE BROKEN BARRIER—MAY UNDERSTANDING'S "FLOOD" SWEEP!

£25: Mrs. B. A. High, 51 Edilom Road, Crumpsall, Manchester: A THOUSAND JOBS—SPRING SUNSHINE "SPOTLIGHTS," SOMEHOW!

OTHER AWARDS: £10: D. Green, "Bryn Haulog," Llanrug, Caernarvon: APART FROM THE COMING—AND GOING, RUSSIANS "BUDGING"? £9: S. Pickard, 91 Ansley Common, Nuneaton: JOHN'S BUDGET—SURPLUS—AN *Overlooked* SIXPENCE! £8: Mrs. M. Jepson, 52 South Street, Durham City: A SHOCKING THING—HOW PHILIP "SHORT-CIRCUITS" OFFICIALDOM! £7: J. C. Smith, "South Bend," Penyfai, Bridgend: WITHOUT A FRIEND—WASTER—"USED" THEM ALL! £6: W. Hammond, 43 South Avenue, Southend-on-Sea: ON NATURE'S STAGE—WALK—AND *Be* "ENTERTAINED"! £5: Miss B. M. Holland, 2 Somerset Street, Llandudno: WE CAN PRODUCE IT, BUT—CAN WE *Reduce* IT? £5: J. Jones, 53 Eighth Avenue, Bristol: TO PUT THE WORLD RIGHT—TRY AN EARLY NIGHT!

For ten winners of £2 10s., see "*Bullets*" *Bulletin*. 50 prizes of 10s. and 1,000 "Good Shot" awards have also been posted.

RULES 1. First Prize for best *Bullet* received. Others in order of merit; the test is of cleverness, aptness and originality.

2. Editor undertakes that all *Bullets* received shall be accorded careful consideration by competent Adjudicators.

3. As entry-fee enclose P.O. as indicated on coupon. Fee submitted will be taken to cover *Bullets* in coupon order—any sent in excess will be disqualified. Plain-paper entries are allowed. Make P.O. payable to JOHN BULL, cross /& Co./, write name and address on back. Coupons must not be mutilated.

4. Entries accepted by post only and on condition that result of this Contest (in JOHN BULL dated May 26), also Editor's decision in any matter of dispute, are accepted as final and legally binding. Odhams' employees (and families) ineligible.

(See "Daily Herald" on Saturday, May 12, for early news of No. 2,036 result.)

POST ENTRY

"Bullets" 2,036, "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C.2 (Comp.).

Next week: GIANT HOLIDAY CRUISE OFFER!

Millions of delighted home decorators use DYOX Cellulose Paste and Size Powder because it does not mark or stain. Dissolves quickly in cold water, gives easy slip and slide and is smooth, transparent and clean. No heating, no smell when sizing. From decorators' merchants and ironmongers in 1/3d. and 2/4d. packs.

FREE *folder "Hints on Hanging Wallpaper" from your DYOX stockist or write to:-*

STANCOURT SONS & MUIR LTD.

Victoria House, Southampton Row, London, W.C.1.

Are you a case for DOLCIN?

Mrs. L. Cladinboel, of London, N.1, suffered considerably from rheumatism in her legs—something all too common in this climate of ours. Then she heard about Dolcin and tried it. She found relief from pain and was able to get about much more easily. This is what she wrote to us:

★ *"Your Dolcin tablets — they are really wonderful. I could not bend my knees but since taking your tablets, I can use my legs much more easily. I would recommend Dolcin to anyone."*

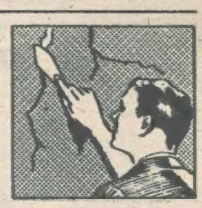
Mrs. Cladinboel's letter is only one chosen at random from hundreds which have been received at our offices. Rheumatism, Lumbago, Fibrositis, Sciatica — countless sufferers from these painful complaints have found quick and prolonged relief from their pains with Dolcin. Dolcin is non-toxic and cannot harm the heart or any other organ. Why resign yourself to agony a moment longer? Seek rapid relief this very day with Dolcin. Ask your chemist for a bottle of 100 tablets—it costs 7/4d. Remember, Dolcin *really* does relieve pain!

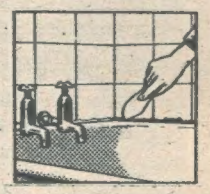
★ *(This original, unsolicited letter may be inspected at our offices.)*

DOLCIN, *Belvue Rd., Northolt, Greenford, Middlesex*

Do you suffer from Rheumatism?

Decorating? THEN YOU'LL NEED ALABASTINE for these jobs—





First fill all cracks in plaster and woodwork with Alabastine and the surfaces will be as good as new. Alabastine, perfected by over 50 years experience, besides containing an adhesive, expands slightly as it dries giving it a permanent positive *grip* so it can never fall out.

GRIPS and STICKS as it dries

FREE! Send postcard for Booklet 'Repairing & Decorating' containing many useful hints on uses of Alabastine.

ALABASTINE CO. LTD. (Dept. S), Ashmole St., London, S.W.8

for better painting REMOVE OLD PAINT FIRST

Arnolite stripper removes up to 5 coats of paint with one application!

To remove all old paint, grease and dirt from the surface to be painted apply ARNOLITE STRIPPER. ARNOLITE strips off old paint without damaging hands, without any trace of unpleasant smell, too. Remember, mix with water, apply, leave for about 90 minutes and then **peel** off up to **5 coats of paint!**

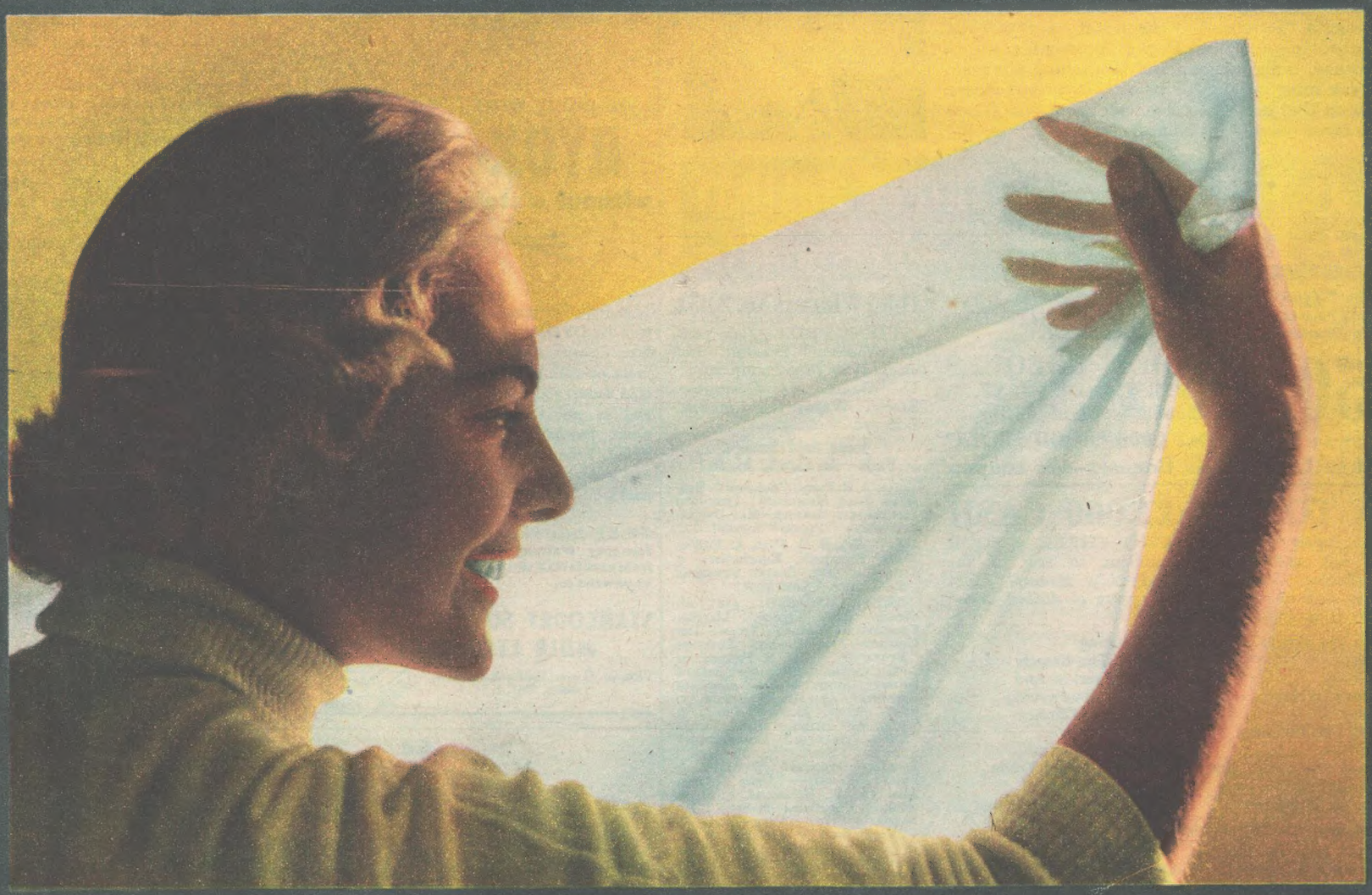
ARNOLITE STRIPPER

Dilute solution of ARNOLITE STRIPPER removes grease and dirt from paintwork and gives it a springtime sparkle.

Printed in Great Britain by Odhams (Watford) Ltd., and Published by Odhams Press Ltd., Long Acre, London, W.C.2. Registered for transmission to Canada (including Newfoundland). Postage on this copy: Inland, 2½d.; Abroad, 2d.; Canada, 1d. Agencies for Australia and New Zealand: Gordon & Gotch Ltd. For South Africa: Central News Agency Ltd. CONDITIONS OF SALE: This periodical shall not, without the written consent of the publishers, be lent, resold or hired out except at the full retail price of 4d., or otherwise disposed of in any unauthorised cover, by way of Trade; or affixed to or as part of any publication or advertising, literary or pictorial matter whatsoever.

Hold it up to the light!

Not a shadow of a stain



See! Surf gets your whites spotless!

- What an eye-opener—when you boil your whites in Surf.
- Those troublesome tea stains just vanish.
- Gravy spots, fruit juice, egg, come right out, too.
- That's what we mean when we say Surf gets whites spotless.
- Use Surf. Use it the way we tell you on the packet.
- Then when you're ironing, hold your whites up to the light.
- See—more than just white! Not a shadow of a stain!

Yes, Surf gets your whites spotless. SPOTLESS WHITE!

A LEVER PRODUCT

SUR 382-80